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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—June 15, 1974, 50 cents

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION IN '76

Dilemma of the Dark Horses

STANLEY KARNOW

Unconditional Surrender—*The Editors*

Mythical Privilege—*Philip Kurland*

India—*Richard Critchfield*

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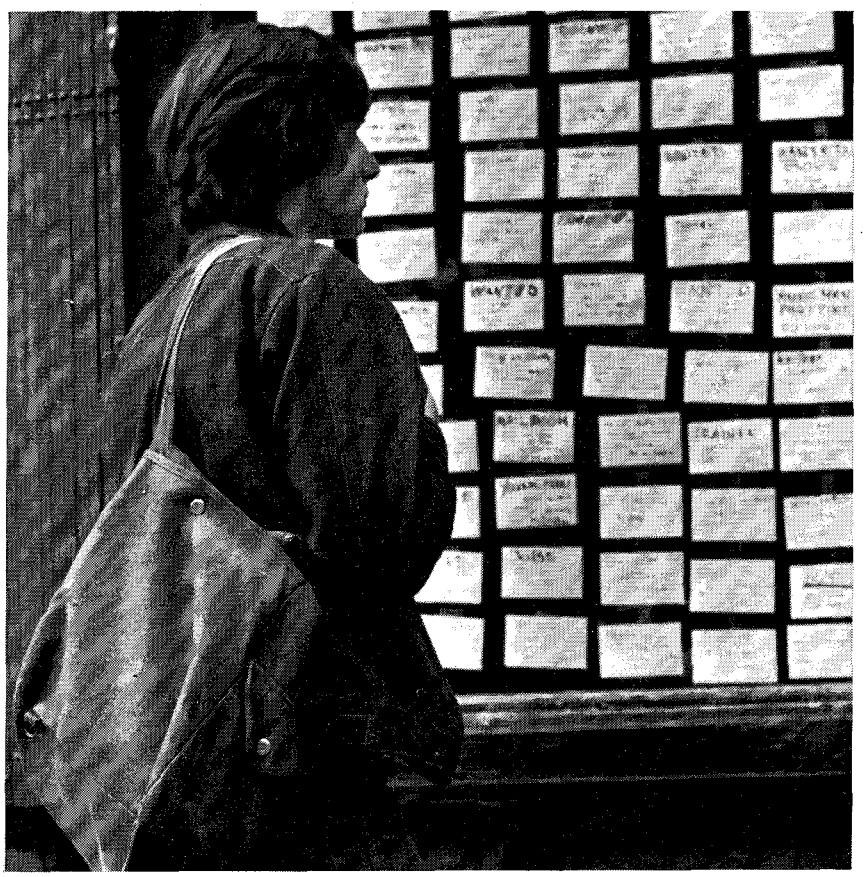

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TRB

from Washington
June 15, 1974

His Tainted Majesty

In the year of our Lord nineteen seventy-four and of the independence of these United States one hundred and ninety-eight, the President who represents us while traveling abroad is not able to say that he will obey an adverse decision of the Supreme Court. The colonists rebelled because they felt George III had too much power and erected a Constitution to protect them but it is not certain that it avails anymore.

At a press conference last week the President's special counsel, James D. St. Clair, had the following colloquy:

Q: How will you advise your client in case he receives an adverse decision from the Supreme Court?
Mr. St. Clair: You mean how would I advise the President in this case?
Q: Yes.
Mr. St. Clair: Well, sir, that is a hypothetical question, frankly. I don't know that I care to answer it at this time. I don't think it is ever going to come to that point.
Q: You cannot say now whether you would say yes or no to obeying an order of the Supreme Court?
Mr. St. Clair: I would not want to say yes or no at this point, sir, because I consider it a hypothetical question.

The press can't ask Mr. Nixon directly because they don't see him. His last press conference was three months ago, and he has had only two this year. He had seven last year and seven the year before and only 35 in five years. President Roosevelt had two a week.

I sometimes think that the Watergate inquiry has got off the track. It has turned into a kind of game, to see if the pursuers can catch Mr. Nixon in an outright lie (in which case he will be impeached and probably thrown out) or whether he has covered his tracks so adroitly that it can't be proved that he knew what all the others around him knew, and that he can't be held responsible for his surrogates' work. It is all rather fun, the try-to-nail-the-President game.

But, of course, that isn't it at all. The point is that the administration has produced a scandal that would cause the fall of any other popularly elected government on earth and that we now must seriously face the fact that under our rigid system of government we can't get rid of a President, however imperial, save by a clumsy process of impeachment that most of us thought had atrophied. It goes beyond that, for now we see that this thing called "Watergate" was only part of a more systematic aggrandizement of the presidency (a process begun 50 years back) and that it amounted to a kind of mini-"putsch" or power grab. Homes were burgled, wiretaps set, papers forged, "inherent" authority invoked, a paramilitary force proposed, "the plumbers" actually set up, political enemies blacklisted and critics punished by the FBI, the CIA and the IRS. This was not politics, this was war, as Stewart Alsop said, and it is a blueprint for a man on horseback 30 years hence.

There was, too, the assertion of the imperial right to impound money, to exercise executive privilege and to decide whether to obey the Supreme Court. More odious than that, perhaps, was the exploitation of the mystical role—The Presidency. Our system is unique and not foreseen by the Founding Fathers; we roll together the head of government and the head of state, minister and monarch in the same man. More and more the obsequious Congress bows to the office.

In Canada they do not toast the prime minister, they toast the queen, whose representative is the governor-general; in the US we toast the President. We are trained to honor the office, like the flag, from kindergarten. A politician takes a simple oath on the steps of the Capitol at noon on a winter's day and suddenly he is sacrosanct, wrapped in majesty.

The tragic victims of Watergate are the ruined young men. They came to serve the President and were corrupted by their superiors. Some were innocents but most were of the corruptible type, crowd-followers, team-players, genuflectors to authority. They were socially poised, from comfortable backgrounds, the type that Mr. Nixon admired from his own awkward, graceless upbringing. Bart Porter, 36, clean-cut, a nice face, a wife and all that: 30 days in jail. Bud Krogh, 34, straight as an arrow, loyal, patriotic, now in prison. Gordon Strachan, aquiline features, sensitive face, he told young people to stay away from politics when he faced criminal indictment. They were loyal to the President even while he was quietly stashing away a fortune from unpaid taxes.

The older ones were tougher and knew better what it was all about. But they too were caught in the mystique of the monarch-minister presidency. Colson would "walk over his grandmother" to serve Mr. Nixon before he got religion, and some will wonder now whether he can plea-bargain with God as he has with Judge Gesell. There is Gen. Haig telling former Attorney General Richardson to obey the President—"the Commander-in-Chief" orders you. What a crew. And now there is even Father McLaughlin, a Jesuit, paid $30,000, living in the opulent Watergate apartments, who lays beneficent hands on presidential acts. Well, why not? Rulers in the past had court jesters, why should not an imperial President have a priest?

I think the Watergate inquiry has got off the track because it is concentrating on Mr. Nixon and not on the system that produced him. If a noncharismatic figure like Nixon can get so far, think what a real fuehrer could do. I hope that the Senate won't get the two-thirds vote necessary to convict (I take House impeachment for granted) so that America will have a couple of years to consider the degrading situation of being led by a man condemned by a majority in both houses. Other countries can switch governments without disaster, why not America? Both Walter Mondale and Rep. Morris K. Udall have recently urged us to look carefully at aspects of the parliamentary system. James L. Sundquist of Brookings has worked out a plan for dismissal of a government through a parliamentary vote of "no confidence." A President to keep his office would then have to do more than keep himself free of indictable crime. Does the plan seem preposterous? Well, how long ago did impeachment itself seem preposterous? Watergate could be a blessing if it led us to put our constitutional house in order.

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Unconditional Surrender

There were only a few reporters observing the scene, but the public galleries were enjoying a brisk trade in springtime visitors who had come to the Capitol. Under debate on the floor of the House of Representatives was HR14592, the $22.6 billion military procurement authorization bill for fiscal year 1975. Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution explicitly empowers Congress "to raise and support armies" and "to provide and maintain a navy." The measure pending this May afternoon was an expression of that power, or appeared so. In reality the procurement bill before the House had been drafted by the Department of Defense and dropped in the hopper by the ever-compliant chairman of the Armed Services Committee, F. Edward Hébert (D, La.). The committee had made some small changes, but the upshot of its several months of hearings was a bill that was "97.8 percent executive branch and 2.2 percent Congress." So said Rep. Otis Pike of New York, the committee's sixth-ranking Democrat and a diligent student of Pentagon extravagance. The committee's authorization (the largest in our peacetime history) represented another unconditional surrender to the Pentagon of the legislature's responsibility for setting the size and composition of the armed forces.

Three hours of ritual posturing ensued after the bill was brought to the floor two days before. There were two important revelations that came out during general debate, but they received little attention in the press. First, Pike noted that Congress had "not gotten a selected acquisition report . . . dated more recently than last December 31." It was therefore debating in the dark. Without SARs Congress cannot monitor the Pentagon's several dozen research and procurement programs. The legislature had been denied the information it had to have to exercise intelligent, independent judgment on the military's multibillion-dollar request. Second and more damning was California Democrat Ronald Dellums' revelation that the House Armed Services Committee had "copied almost word-for-word from testimony given by a Pentagon spokesman," when writing its own report on the military procurement authorization. Specifically, last March 26, Maj. Gen. William Caldwell, the Defense Department's director of security assistance plans, policy and programs formulation, testified in support of the Nixon administration's $1.6 billion request for military aid to South Vietnam. It took five pages of small

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type in the *Congressional Record* to lay out, side by side, the general's statement and the nearly verbatim House committee text. A student who turned in such work would be admonished for plagiarism.

Last year's debate on the Pentagon's money request had kept the House in session until nearly one o'clock in the morning. Committee chairman Hébert was in no mood for a repeat performance this year. Alluding to the amendments offered and to their sponsors, Hébert cracked: "I ask those who want to talk and talk and talk to take into consideration the feelings of their colleagues who have other engagements and who want to get away from here as early as possible, as I do." Hébert had his way, and the bill was dispatched by 8:45 pm. The printed record contains most of the spoken words (with some errors) but none of the flavor of what happened in the House on May 22. Members in knots of two and three or more were so loud in their private conversations they frequently drowned out the speaker and amplification system. Insistent raps of the gavel would momentarily restore order, and the speaker would resume, but the noise would soon rise in competition. After an amendment was introduced and debate begun, in a matter of minutes there would be raucous shouts of : "Vote! Vote!" The clamorous scene on the floor bore little resemblance to a parliamentary forum; it was more like a ballpark or a convention of moose.

Efforts to reduce individual military programs were uniformly unsuccessful:

► Amendments to slow the production schedule of the Trident ballistic-missile submarine and to kill the B-1 strategic bomber were easily defeated. The discussion bogged down in a murky disagreement over how much inflation to anticipate. How necessary these weapons are to the national defense got less scrutiny.

► Rep. Bella Abzug (D, NY) moved to eliminate all authorization for research and development of "counterforce capabilities." Tactically it was an egregious error (she is not listened to). Predictably Hébert demanded a record vote, and the amendment was turned back by an overwhelming margin: 34 to 370. A similar initiative in the Senate by Thomas McIntyre (D, NH) was expected to do better, but not to pass.

► House Majority Leader Thomas P. O'Neill moved to cut 100,000 of the 435,000 American troops on foreign soil. Among those rising in opposition was Speaker of the House Carl Albert; the measure failed: 163 to 240. Once again the "bargaining chip" argument was persuasive: we need the troops so that we may negotiate their reduction; so said Secretary Kissinger, adding that congressional reductions might trigger "a rash of unilateral cuts by our allies."

► In one of the more interesting parliamentary maneuvers, when Rep. Robert Leggett (D, Calif.) moved to cut military aid to South Vietnam from the bill's $1.4 billion to $900 million, Hébert unexpectedly countered with a substitute amendment setting the level at $1.126 billion (identical to the FY74 ceiling). Leggett responded with a $1.0 billion substitute. The chairman feigned outrage and said Leggett was being "capricious . . . with human beings and human lives." When the parliamentary tangle was finally straightened out, Leggett's $1.0 billion proposal was defeated, 190 to 211, and Hébert's amendment setting aid to South Vietnam for FY75 at $1.126 billion passed by voice vote. The House is not yet willing to cut the umbilical cord to Thieu, though according to a Defense Department estimate, total US military aid to Indochina has been 29 times as much as that from Russia and China combined, and last year ran at eight times that of the Communist bloc.

In 1973 Rep. Les Aspin (D, Wisc.) had organized an improbable coalition to set a $20.4 billion ceiling on research and procurement authorizations; had his amendment survived the House-Senate conference committee—it did not—the Pentagon would have been obliged to cut FY74 spending by $950 million. Strong support from Republicans worried about inflationary spending resulted in approval of Aspin's measure by a substantial 242 to 163 margin. This year Aspin introduced a similar amendment with even more fiscally conservative cosponsors; the $733 million reduction Aspin wanted would have set a $21.9 billion ceiling. With inflation rampant some assumed the essentially unchanged House membership would pass the measure as easily as it had last year. They were wrong. The amendment was defeated.

What happened? Forty-five congressmen who had voted for the Aspin amendment in 1973 voted against it this election year. The switchers were 27 Republicans and 18 Democrats, the latter all Southerners or conservatives with one exception. The White House lobbied hard and effectively against the Aspin amendment. A tenth of the House membership was persuaded to reverse itself and support the President's and the Pentagon's position. Partisans of the President will probably read the vote as support for the *man*, while critics will see it as a *policy* matter having no bearing on the question of impeachment. Indeed the latter might assert that by voting for the President's military policies, conservative Democrats and Republicans will be better able to convince their constituents that their vote to impeach the President was reluctant, the result of the preponderance of evidence against him. Whatever one's view, the decisive defeat of the once-successful Aspin amendment indicates that pronouncements about US military withdrawal from Vietnam or about the demise of the Commander-in-Chief's influence are premature. Even cost overruns of $26.3 billion on the development of 55 new weapons systems (the figure is from the General Accounting Office) have not shaken the congressional habit of giving the Pentagon just about all it wants. As we go to press, the measure is before the Senate, which is not expected to perform any surgery—major or minor.

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Oil Depletion

A slow rebellion is brewing in the House, and last week's scene of battle was the Rules Committee. The fight's over oil money, and it began early this year when the oil corporations reported enormous profit increases over the year before. Many congressmen spoke angrily of crisis profiteering. Sen. Henry Jackson hauled the chief executives of the largest oil companies before his Interior Committee and asked about profits, tax breaks and rumors of conspiracy behind the shortage. The President suggested that Congress should enact a "windfall profits tax." The Senate attacked big oil profits but stumbled over a badly written piece of legislation. When a bill was passed in February, the President vetoed it because he said it meddled with the price structure and threatened to weaken the incentive to explore.

Meanwhile serious work on oil taxes went on in the Ways and Means Committee, chaired by the man some consider the most powerful in the House, Wilbur Mills. After several weeks of snipping at the edges, the committee went into action when Mills returned from the hospital in March. He surprised the committee by announcing that it was time to end the percentage depletion allowance, the cherished subsidy held by oil producers for half a century. In May the committee delivered itself of an Oil and Gas Energy Tax Act of 1974, proposing to phase out the depletion allowance for most big oil companies by 1977 and all others by 1979. The bill contains several related reforms, such as a windfall profits tax and modifications of the credit system for "intangible drilling costs" and foreign taxes. But it is peppered with loopholes and exemptions. Rep. Charles Vanik, a member of Ways and Means, said the bill was a "testament of the committee's own confusion . . . It purports to tax the high-profit level of the oil industry, but the principal thrust of this legislation is to chart new paths of tax avoidance." Vanik and another young Democrat on the committee, William Green of Pennsylvania, offered amendments that would have abruptly ended two of the industry's tax concessions and altered the system of foreign credits so that oil corporations would no longer be allowed to count royalties to foreign countries as US tax payments. Their proposals were rejected out of hand, overwhelmingly. Wilbur Mills then forwarded the bill to the Rules Committee and said he would ask for a "closed rule," meaning that the bill would go to the floor with no opportunity for amendment.

That's when the growls began to be heard. With the support of the AFL-CIO, Rep. Green took his fight to the House Democratic Caucus, invoking a year-old rule that's never been tested: any Democrat who persuades 50 colleagues to sign a petition may call a special caucus and ask for a "modified closed rule," permitting the full House to vote on specific amendments even when a committee chairman objects. The caucus vote went overwhelmingly in favor of Green and Vanik. Mills and the Democrats on the Rules Committee were instructed to bring the oil tax bill to the floor along with the dissident amendments. Mills said he wouldn't.

Mills is a formidable opponent at any time, and in this case he argues that he cannot defy his committee's wishes by deferring to the will of the caucus. Some Democratic staff aides think it was tactically foolish to single out the Ways and Means chairman. Even Rep. Green now says Mills' name was included "almost inadvertently." Green says he thought he *hadn't* named Mills until someone later showed him the text of the caucus resolution. But Green has announced that he wants to discipline members who defy his resolution —meaning members of the Rules Committee—but he doesn't want to threaten Mills. It is too late now. Green recognizes that "unless this works, the caucus is a joke. I'm trying to change that."

The Rules Committee, which scheduled a vote for June 6, dodged the issue in the classic manner and adjourned without choosing between Mills and the caucus. Mills appeared before the committee with a stratagem that could let everyone off the hook: he asked permission to take his bill to the floor whenever he pleases, without any rule. That would permit many new options for gutting or killing it if he wishes. Three oil state congressmen on the committee—Young of Texas, Long of Louisiana and McSpadden of Oklahoma—have the power to make or break this challenge. They feel they're being compelled to vote against their constituents' (oil companies) interests, and they don't like it. Though they are voting on a technicality, it is a technicality that House committeemen have used for years to retain their power. Ray Madden, chairman of the Rules Committee, says he's been "yelling for years about open rules for tax legislation," but his predecessors, chairmen Smith and Colmer, "never listened at all." Madden says, "As I told the people in the caucus the other day, when you go back home and talk to your constituents who are raising hell about taxes, you ought to be honest with them and tell them you haven't got a damn thing to say about taxes unless you belong to the Ways and Means Committee." Madden is all for reform: "The big oil conglomerates have been getting by with an almost tax-free ticket and they sure are

COMING: Nathan Lewin on the Supreme Court and the Watergate tapes— what's at stake for Nixon

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raising hell on this vote. I've gotten hundreds of calls and letters and telegrams; they're having everybody they can get to wire in on it."

Opening the door on tax legislation as suggested by the Green-Vanik resolution would make a big difference. Wilbur Mills, already pressed by the Bolling committee on reform to relinquish some of his power over health and trade bills, would lose a degree of control over his most jealously guarded jurisdiction—tax law. And in an immediate sense the Vanik and Green amendments, if added to the committee bill, would nearly double the proposed tax on oil over the next six years. It's estimated that if all these reforms were passed, oil companies would be asked to pay an additional $20 to $25 billion in federal taxes between 1974 and 1980.

Mr. Ambassador

The most remarkable thing about Stan Anderson as he sat in the witness chair before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was his youth. He seemed much younger than 33. He reminded one of a model aide-de-camp—tall, deferential, serious, a touch of the dandy, a good escort. But except for the witness' youth, it was a familiar scene. The committee was holding a perfunctory hearing on the qualifications of persons to represent the United States as Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, a title for which fortunes have been paid. A few schoolmasterly questions from the senators about foreign language qualifications and the nature of each post, and the ceremony is usually over.

A recent junior White House aide of no recognizable distinction, Anderson has been nominated by President Nixon to represent the US in Costa Rica. If confirmed, he will be the nation's youngest envoy. Costa Rica is the country that has refused to extradite Robert Vesco, the fugitive financier who gave $200,000 in cash to the Nixon campaign fund, sought favors from the administration, and still employs the President's nephew Donald.

The four nominations before the committee were a typical mixed bag: two political nominees and two professionals. The professionals are Michael E. Sterner, 45 and Joseph W. Twinam, 39. Both Arab specialists in the Foreign Service, one has 20 years of government experience, the other 18. Both speak Arabic and French; Twinam also commands Dutch. They are being assigned to tiny, primitive but oil-rich principalities in the strategic Persian Gulf. The politicos are Anderson and a Phoenix, Arizona businessman with financial interests in Western Europe named William C. Turner. Turner, 45, is being sent to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris, a post where sophisticated economic and diplomatic skills are useful. He has no diplomatic experience, lists no foreign language, but does have warm endorsement from Arizona's Sen. Paul V. Fannin (R).

The contrast is striking. It is as though the navy rewarded party service with the command of ships of the line while assigning professional officers to the mine fleet. But the phenomenon is nothing new in the Foreign Service, which in this respect resembles the British Army at the time of the Crimean War. A large number of top commands in the Foreign Service have long been for sale. For the past six years alone, big contributors, party fund-raisers and political favorites have been rewarded with embassies in Paris, the Hague, Brussels, Vienna, Helsinki, Bern and, of course, Luxembourg—not to mention Pakistan, Jamaica, Trinidad and other lesser posts. Among the most absurd payoffs was Mr. Nixon's appointment of Walter Annenberg as our ambassador to London. The Nixon campaigns of 1968 and 1972 received over $1.6 million from a handful of men and women subsequently sent abroad to represent the nation. Another $1.7 million was kicked in by a half dozen persons hoping in vain for the same reward. In February Herbert W. Kalmbach, the President's personal lawyer and a top campaign fund-raiser, pleaded guilty to offering an ambassadorship in exchange for a campaign contribution of $100,000.

Last summer Sen. Fulbright sent a letter to the State Department suggesting limits on ambassadorships going to large campaign contributors, and higher standards for language and other professional qualifications of noncareer ambassadors. The committee meanwhile continues to consent to nominees of doubtful quality. In December it approved an Ohio businessman, Lloyd Miller, as ambassador to Trinidad and Tobago. Miller had deposited at least $32,600 in Republican coffers between 1970 and 1973. Only subsequently did the committee learn that the nominee at the time of his confirmation was the subject of two lawsuits in Ohio courts arising from his business dealings.

The system of political ambassadorships is an invitation to incompetence, but the answer is not to ban noncareer ambassadors. Some have been among our best envoys: John Sherman Cooper, John Kenneth Galbraith, Patricia Harris, Edwin Reischauer and Daniel P. Moynihan. The remedy, for the present, lies with the Foreign Relations Committee, which ought to write some sensible rules regarding ambassadorial qualifications and apply them consistently. The committee might start with Stan Anderson, though he was not a campaign contributor. His preferment came after political staff work, about which he was quizzed during the hearing. Sens. Symington and Percy wanted to know the nature of his chores for the White House. They learned that the nominee worked for Fred V. Malek on patronage and "departmental responsiveness," the purpose of which was to prod federal departments and agencies to spend their grant and

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contract monies where it would do the President's re-election campaign the most good. After the 1972 election Anderson interviewed applicants for political ambassadorships that were referred to the White House by Maurice Stans. Miller and Turner were among them.

The special prosecutor, Mr. Jaworski, is interested in the "responsiveness" effort and political ambassadorships but not, it seems, in Anderson's minor role. Nevertheless "his connection with the White House is embarrassing," a Senate aide confides. The American Foreign Service Association is lobbying against Anderson on the ground that the sensitive post in Costa Rica "calls for the highest degree of professional competence."

Student Opinion

A recently released national survey of the opinions of American youth, conducted in the spring of 1973 for five foundations by the Daniel Yankelovich polling organization, found that "college youth—the chief source of social dissidence in the sixties—has moved swiftly toward reconciliation with the larger society." New social values—sexual freedom, women's liberation, the search for self-fulfillment—are taking root among many young people, the survey reports, but political attitudes are mellowing. Only 35 percent of college students believe America is "a sick society (45 percent thought so in 1971); 60 percent expect to have no great difficulty in accepting "the kind of life society has to offer" (49 percent in 1971); 66 percent think it's morally wrong to use violence even in a good cause (56 percent in 1971); 40 percent feel their own personal values are shared by most Americans (only 30 percent in 1971); 73 percent identify with a major political party (57 percent in 1971).

But this is only half the story. Yankelovich's survey shows a continuing, if not increasing, dissatisfaction with our political institutions. These divergent results, which cast some doubt on the survey's central thesis, get two pages near the end of the 40-page preliminary report—and no mention at all in the six-page summary press release.

Sixty-three percent of American college students, according to Yankelovich's findings, believe that America is democratic in name only—that business and other special interests run the country. Fifty-four percent of the students want to fundamentally reform big business, 61 percent to reform the political parties. Four out of five believe US foreign policy will lead inevitably to more Vietnams. Only 34 percent think the US should fight a war to protect its national interests or to protect its allies. Only 30 percent think we should fight to contain communism.

The Nixon Watch

Auguries

The President's prospects were never grimmer than they were when he was firming up his plans to visit the Middle East and to revisit the Soviet Union. His spokesmen's assertions that the trips were undertaken solely in the interest of peace and not to inhibit and discredit congressional and judicial inquiries into the conduct of his presidency became ever more ludicrous and pathetic. By continuing to withhold subpoenaed tapes and documents from the House Judiciary Committee, Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski and two federal courts, Mr. Nixon strengthened an impression that he was hiding evidence that, if disclosed, would subject him to impeachment by the House of Representatives, conviction and removal from office by the Senate, and trial in criminal courts when the presidency no longer protects him from indictment and prosecution. Although the Judiciary Committee had been told that the President would not comply and had decided, at least for the time being, not to try to enforce its demands with congressional contempt proceedings or with court orders, subpoenas and threats of more subpoenas continued to cast Mr. Nixon in the role of a scoundrel who was using his office and his claim of a constitutional right of privacy to save himself. He was dealt two blows when the US Supreme Court bypassed the Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia and accepted for early review prosecutor Jaworski's contention that a President has no constitutionally protected power to decide for himself what evidence he will and will not supply to prosecutors and defendants in criminal cases that may involve the withholding President. The summary rejection of Mr. Nixon's plea that the issue be left to the usual and full appellate procedure enhanced the feeling, already prevalent, that he must be wrong in this as in so many other positions that he has taken in matters related to the Watergate scandals. It also deprived him of review by a tribunal, the court of appeals, that had just said in a unanimous and powerfully stated opinion that the doctrine of executive privilege upon which the President relies is constitutionally based and sound and should be overridden only upon showings of the most urgent need.

A blow that could be the worst that Mr. Nixon has suffered, excepting the blow that he dealt himself when he released the edited but damning transcripts of 46 recorded White House conversations on April 30, came when Charles Colson pleaded guilty to a charge of obstructing justice. In return for the dismissal of three other charges in two indictments, Colson promised to tell the Watergate prosecutor, the courts and the House Judiciary Committee everything he knows that could be relevant to the impeachment inquiry and

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to the trials of other defendants in Watergate cases. Colson knows a lot. He was special counsel to the President from the autumn of 1969 to March 1973. During the last two years of that period he was closer to the President than any other domestic assistant, H. R. Haldeman alone excepted. After he left the staff and resumed law practice in Washington last year, Colson continued to consult with Mr. Nixon and senior assistants. They sought and got his advice on how to handle the President's escalating Watergate problems. It was partly upon Colson's recommendation that James St. Clair, a trial lawyer who had known Colson in Boston, was hired in late 1973 to head the President's sizable and costly staff of Watergate attorneys.

The talents that earned Colson his reputation as the President's chief expert in dirty work were a source of pride and satisfaction to Mr. Nixon. He said in one of his recorded conversations that "Colson would do anything." This and other Nixon remarks in the released transcripts may be interpreted to indicate a fear that Colson might rat on him some day. In an unrecorded conversation at the White House several months after Colson quit, however, the President said in a tone of admiration and approval that Chuck Colson had been the toughest son of a bitch in his service. Mr. Nixon added that this status and honor had passed to Ken Clawson, a White House propagandist who was hired by Colson in early 1972.

Colson's plea of guilt stimulated much speculation, in print and in Washington chatter, as to whether his action arose from the turn to Christ that he announced last December and whether he is equipped and willing to sink Richard Nixon. Lacking knowledge that would sustain a judgment on either point, I settle for a supposition and a fact. The supposition is that the Watergate prosecutor had enough on Colson to jail him for the rest of his useful life. The fact is that the President was correct when he described Chuck Colson as a tough son of a bitch. In a statement explaining his plea and the bargain that preceded it, Colson said that he wants "to tell everything I know about the Watergate and Watergate related matters . . . no matter who it may help or hurt—me or others." Although St. Clair said that he and the President aren't afraid of what Colson may testify to, it is impossible to believe that Mr. Nixon took comfort from his sometime devotee's promise to tell all.

Other Watergate developments, some bad for the President and some good for him, crowded upon each other so rapidly that Mr. Nixon must have had difficulty keeping track of them while he was arranging his escape into world diplomacy. A report drafted and leaked to the media by the staff of the Senate Watergate committee all but accused the President of accepting a bribe in the form of campaign contributions and pledges from the dairy industry when he was deciding to increase federal price supports for milk in 1971. Prosecutor Jaworski reported that he had found no evidence of criminal behavior by officials of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (ITT) in the course of persuading the administration to drop a batch of antitrust suits in 1971. Members of the House Judiciary Committee, not usually given to leaking information that favors the President, confided that recordings of two of Mr. Nixon's discussions of the ITT matter supported his story that genuine policy considerations rather than hope of political gain moved him to order the Justice Department to settle the ITT cases in a way that, to say the least, was more satisfactory to the corporation than it would have been if the President had not intervened. Albert Jenner, the committee's chief Republican attorney, diminished the impact of this news and further lowered his low standing at the White House when he said that evidence in his possession indicated that Mr. Nixon knew at the time that some of his subordinates perjured themselves when they swore in 1972 that there had been no White House intervention. Jenner said that the President, in failing to report this knowledge to the proper authorities, could have been guilty of obstructing justice. Federal Judge John Sirica released the final report of six electronics experts who had previously said and now reaffirmed that an 18½ minute gap in the tape recording of a conversation between Mr. Nixon and H. R. Haldeman on June 20, 1972, three days after the arrest of the Watergate burglars and tappers, must have been caused by five manual erasures and could not have been accidental. A rival expert who was retained by the President's lawyer, St. Clair, differed with the panel's finding only to the extent of arguing that the possibility of accidental erasure should not have been totally excluded. Both reports were bad news for Mr. Nixon and for his confidential secretary, Rose Mary Woods, who testified under oath last year that she may have accidentally erased about five of the 18½ lost minutes.

The best of the little good news for the President was marginal. Rep. John Rhodes of Arizona, the Republican floor leader, comforted some of Mr. Nixon's assistants when he told them about the public reaction to his statement on May 8 that the President should think about resigning if his situation continues to get worse. Nationwide, the wires and letters that poured in were 10 to one against resignation and critical of Rhodes. The reaction from his conservative constituency in Arizona ran three to one against Rhodes and in support of the President. Rhodes' press spokesman, Jay Smith, said the communications did not smack of organized and crank mail. They had the look and feel of valid, literate expressions from concerned citizens. They suggested that the public may not be quite as hell bent for impeachment or resignation as many polls indicate and many journalists assume.

John Osborne

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Confessions of an Erstwhile Child

Anonymous

Some years ago I attempted to introduce a class of Upward Bound students to political theory via More's *Utopia*. It was a mistake: I taught precious little theory and earned More a class full of undying enemies on account of two of his ideas. The first, that all members of a Utopian family were subject to the lifelong authority of its eldest male. The second, the Utopian provision that should a child wish to follow a profession different from that of his family, he could be transferred by adoption to a family that practiced the desired trade. My students were not impressed with my claim that the one provision softened the other and made for a fair compromise—for what causes most of our quarrels with our parents but our choice of life-patterns, of occupation? In objecting to the first provision my students were picturing themselves as children, subject to an unyielding authority. But on the second provision they surprised me by taking the parents' role and arguing that this form of *ad lib* adoption denied them a fundamental right of ownership over their children. It occurred to me that these reactions were two parts of the same pathology: having suffered the discipline of unreasonable parents, one has earned the right to be unreasonable in turn to one's children. The phenomenon has well known parallels, such as frantic martinets who have risen from the ranks. Having served time as property, my Upward Bound students wanted theirs back as proprietors.

I shuddered. It hardly takes an advanced course in Freudian psychology to realize that the perpetuation, generation after generation, of psychic lesions must go right to this source, the philosophically dubious notion that children are the property of their biological parents, compounded with the unphilosophic certitude so many parents harbor, that their children must serve an apprenticeship as like their own as they can manage.

The idea of the child as property has always bothered me, for personal reasons I shall outline. I lack the feeling that I own my children and I have always scoffed at the idea that what they are and do is a continuation or a rejection of my being. I like them, I sympathize with them, I acknowledge the obligation to support them for a term of years—but I am not so fond or foolish as to regard a biological tie as a lien on their loyalty or respect, nor to imagine that I am equipped with preternatural powers of guidance as to their success and happiness. Beyond inculcating some of the obvious social protocols required in civilized life, who am I to pronounce on what makes for a happy or successful life? How many of us can say that we have successfully managed our own lives? Can we do better with our children? I am unimpressed, to say no more, with parents who have no great track record, presuming to oracular powers in regard to their children's lives.

The current debate over the Equal Rights Amendment frequently turns to custody questions. Opponents of ERA have made the horrifying discovery that ERA will spell the end of the mother's presumed rights of custody in divorce or separation cases, and that fathers may begin getting custody rights. Indeed a few odd cases have been so settled recently in anticipation of the ratification of ERA. If ratified, ERA would be an extremely blunt instrument for calling the whole idea of custody into question, but I for one will applaud anything that serves to begin debate. As important as equal rights between adults may be, I think that the rights of children are a far more serious and unattended need. To me, custody by natural parents, far from being a presumed right only re-examined in case of collapsing marriages, should be viewed as a privilege.

At this point I have to explain why I can so calmly contemplate the denial of so-called parental rights.

I am the only child of two harsh and combative personalities who married, seemingly, in order to have a sparring partner always at hand. My parents have had no other consistent or lasting aim in life but to win out over each other in a contest of wills. They still live, vigorous and angry septuagenarians, their ferocity little blunted by age or human respect. My earliest memories—almost my sole memories—are of unending combat, in which I was sometimes an appalled spectator, more often a hopeless negotiator in a war of no quarter, and most often a bystander accused of covert belligerency on behalf of one side or the other, and frequently of both! I grew up with two supposed adults who were absorbed in their hatreds and recriminations to the exclusion of almost all other reality. Not only did I pass by almost unnoticed in their struggle, the Depression and World War II passed them by equally unnoticed. I figured mainly as a practice target for sarcasm and invective, and occasionally as the ultimate culprit responsible for their unhappiness. ("If it weren't for you," my mother would sometimes say, "I could leave

The author of this piece is married, 40 and the father of three children.

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that SOB," a remark belied by her refusal to leave the SOB during these 20 long years since I left their "shelter.")

The reader may ask, "How did you survive if your parents' house was all that bad?" I have three answers. First, I survived by the moral equivalent of running away to sea or the circus, *i.e.*, by burying myself in books and study, especially in the history of faraway and (I thought) more idealistic times than our own, and by consciously shaping my life and tastes to be as different as possible from those of my parents (this was a reproach to them, they knew, and it formed the basis of a whole secondary area of conflict and misunderstanding). Second, I survived because statistically most people "survive" horrible families, but survival can be a qualified term, as it is in my case by a permanently impaired digestive system and an unnatural sensitivity to raised voices. And third, though I found solace in schooling and the rationality, cooperation and basic fairness in teachers that I missed in my parents, I must now question whether it is healthy for a child to count so heavily on schooling for the love and approval that he deserves from his home and family. Even if schooling can do this well, in later life it means that one is loyal and affectionate toward schooling, not toward parents, who may in some sense need affection even if they don't "deserve" it. I am not unaware that however fair and rational I may be in reaction to my parents' counter-examples, I am a very cold-hearted man. I might have done better transferred to a new family, not just by receiving love, but through learning to give it—a lack I mourn as much or more than my failure to receive it.

It is little wonder then that I have an acquired immunity to the notion that parental custody is by and large a preferable thing. In my case, almost anything else would have been preferable, including even a rather callously run orphanage—anything for a little peace and quiet. Some people are simply unfit, under any conditions, to be parents, even if, indeed especially if, they maintain the charade of a viable marriage. My parents had no moral right to custody of children, and I cannot believe that my experience is unique or particularly isolated. There are all too many such marriages, in which some form of horror, congenial enough to adults too sick or crazed to recognize it, works its daily ruination on children. Surely thousands of children conclude at age 10 or 11, as I did, that marriage is simply an institution in which people are free to be as beastly as they have a mind to, which may lead either to a rejection of marriage or to a decision to reduplicate a sick marriage a second time, with another generation of victims. It is time to consider the rights of the victims.

How to implement a nascent theory of justice for children is difficult to say. One cannot imagine taking the word of a five-year-old against his parents, but what about a 10- or 12-year-old? At *some* point, children should have the right to escape the dominance of impossible parents. The matter used to be easier than it has been since World War I. The time-honored solution—for boys—of running away from home has been made infeasible by economic conditions, fingerprints, social security and minimum wage laws. No apprenticeship system exists any more, much less its upper-class medieval version—with required exchange of boys at puberty among noble families to serve as pages and so forth. The adoption system contemplated in More's *Utopia* is a half-remembered echo of medieval life, in which society, wiser than its theory, decreed a general exchange of children at or just before puberty, whether through apprenticeship or page-service, or more informal arrangements, like going to a university at 14 or running away with troubadors or gypsies.

Exchanging children is a wisely conceived safety valve against a too traumatic involvement between the biological parent and the child. Children need an alternative to living all their formative life in the same biological unit. They should have the right to petition for release from some sorts of families, to join other families, or to engage in other sorts of relationships that may provide equivalent service but may not be organized as a family. The nuclear family, after all, is not such an old or proven vehicle. Phillippe Aries' book, *Centuries of Childhood*, made the important point that the idea of helpless childhood is itself a notion of recent origin, that grew up simultaneously in the 16th and 17th centuries with the small and tight-knit nuclear family, sealed off from the world by another recent invention, "privacy." The older *extended* family (which is the kind More knew about) was probably more authoritarian on paper but much less productive of dependency in actual operation. There ought to be more than one way a youngster can enter adult society with more than half of his sanity left. At least no one should be forced to remain in a no-win game against a couple of crazy parents for 15-18 years. At 10 or 12, children in really messy situations should have the legal right to petition for removal from impossible families, and those rights should be reasonably easy to exercise. (This goes on *de facto* among the poor, of course, but it is not legal, and usually carries both stigma and danger.) The minimum wage laws should be modified to exempt such persons, especially if they wish to continue their education, working perhaps for public agencies, if they have no other means of support. If their parents can support them, then the equivalent of child-support should be charged them to maintain their children, not in luxury, but adequately. Adoption of older children should be facilitated by easing of legal procedures (designed mainly to govern the adoption of *infants*) plus tax advantages for those willing to adopt older children on grounds of goodwill. Indeed children wishing to escape impossible family situations should be allowed a fair degree of initiative in finding and negotiating with possible future families.

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Obviously the risk of rackets would be very high unless the exact terms of such provisions were framed very carefully, but the possibility of rackets is less frightening to anyone who thinks about it for long than the dangers of the present situation, which are evident and unrelieved by any signs of improvement. In barely a century this country has changed from a relatively loose society in which Huckleberry Finns were not uncommon, to a society of tense, airless nuclear families in which unhealthy and neurotic tendencies, once spawned in a family, tend to repeat themselves at a magnifying and accelerating rate. We may soon gain the distinction of being the only nation on earth to need not just medicare but "psychi-care." We have invested far too heavily in the unproved "equity" called the nuclear family; that stock is about to crash and we ought to begin finding escape options. In colonial days many New England colonies passed laws imposing fines or extra taxes on parents who kept their children under their own roofs after age 15 or 16, on the sensible notion that a person of that age ought to be out and doing on his own, whether going to Yale or apprenticing in a foundry. Even without the benefit of Freud, the colonial fathers had a good sense of what was wrong with a closely bound and centripetal family structure—it concentrates craziness like compound interest, and so they hit it with monetary penalties, a proper Protestant response, intolerant at once of both mystery and excuses. But this was the last gasp of a medieval and fundamentally Catholic idea that children, God help them, while they may be the children of *these* particular parents biologically, spiritually are the children of God, and more appositely are the children of the entire community, for which the entire community takes responsibility. The unguessed secret of the middle ages was not that monasteries relieved parents of unwanted children; more frequently, they relieved children of unwanted parents!

The Democratic Nomination in '76

Dilemma of the Dark Horses

by Stanley Karnow

Walter Frederick "Fritz" Mondale, the handsome young Minnesota senator, was visibly discouraged as we chatted in his Capitol Hill office the other day. Five months ago a group of his backers formed a committee to assay his chances of winning the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination, and he has since been touring the country in a strenuous bid for support. His position on such issues as tax reform, education, child welfare and the fate of the family have earned him praise, and surveys show that he stands fairly high with local Democratic party leaders, many of whom fear that Sen. Edward Kennedy has been irreparably damaged by the Chappaquiddick tragedy. Nevertheless, Mondale gloomily complained in our conversation, his drive for recognition has thus far failed to spark much enthusiasm. His attempts to raise money are faltering, few activists are rallying around, and he is registering only three or four percent in the public opinion polls, a statistic that prompts him to quip ruefully that he is working to catch up with "Don't Know." But Mondale has no intention of quitting; he will continue testing his prospects in the hope that they may look better by early next year.

Fritz Mondale is one of several Democrats who are striving to break out of relative obscurity and onto the road to the White House, and his difficulties are not unique. He is considerably ahead of men like Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona, who has yet to be cited on an opinion poll, or Gov. John Gilligan of Ohio, who is little known beyond his state. To varying degrees and in different ways, though, they all share the same problem: how does a new face become a familiar face in the contest for the presidency?

The quadrenniel competition is usually described in horse racing jargon, but it more resembles a merry-go-round, with an unchanging circle of figures reaching for the brass ring. Thus voters have traditionally been offered a limited number of choices. A University of Michigan political scientist, Donald R. Matthews, notes that only 109 persons—62 Democrats and 47 Republicans—had one percent or more recognition as potential candidates on Gallup polls between 1936 and 1972. Matthews further notes that the same politicians were mentioned year after year. Scanning the Repub-

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licans, for example, Harold Stassen's name cropped up in seven different election years, and Richard Nixon, Thomas Dewey and Henry Cabot Lodge in five different contests. During the period under examination, the opportunities for a relatively obscure citizen to be regarded as presidential timber have been virtually nil. Over a span of 36 years, Matthews found, the only two men singled out as presidential possibilities who were not officeholders or linked in one fashion or another to public affairs were Wendell Willkie and Charles Lindbergh.

Willkie, who challenged Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940, is the classic contemporary example of a man coming out of nowhere to within striking distance of the White House. A businessman who had voted Democrat four years earlier, he was initially promoted in April 1940 by publicists in New York City and within two months he had the Republican nomination. Looking back on that extraordinary episode, one of his early backers, the Wall Street lawyer Oren Root, attributes it to the fact that Willkie was taken up by powerful financial and publishing interests, among them J. P. Morgan executives and associates of Henry Luce, and that at the same time, Willkie managed to excite thousands of amateurs who created clubs throughout the nation to propel his candidacy. Donald Matthews submits, however, that the Willkie phenomenon was made possible by Roosevelt's having decimated the ranks of his foes: plausible Republican contenders were in short supply. Willkie's only serious adversaries within the GOP were a freshman senator, Robert Taft of Ohio, and Thomas Dewey, a 37-year-old New York district attorney who had not then won a state election.

By comparison, today's array of possible candidates is vast. Perhaps this is because, as the columnist Joseph Kraft suggests, the assassination of John F. Kennedy disrupted the normal course of succession, bringing on the return of veterans like Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon and thereby crowding the waiting line with younger men. The Democratic party's new proportional representation may also explain the large number of Democratic hopefuls. Under that rule any individual able to muster 15 percent support in a primary election or caucus will attend the national convention, with delegates he can use either to push his own cause or as bargaining counters. But if lesser-known figures are being lured into the presidential contest, few seem to agree on how the race ought to be run—and the same holds true for experienced campaigners.

"The trouble with too many candidates is that they want to wear big league uniforms when they are really playing in the minors," says Fred Dutton, a Washington lawyer who has been active in Democratic politics for years. His advice to the ambitious is to emulate Lincoln by formulating some basic national and world concepts that can be translated into issues with broad appeal. The weakness of most potential candidates, Dutton contends, is that they approach the challenge in primarily mechanical terms, focusing on press coverage, building an organization and raising money—before they have any fundamental ideas about the presidency and its role or the times. Joseph Califano, another Washington lawyer who served as the Democratic party's general counsel, argues in contrast that a candidate must identify himself with two or three big issues, simultaneously seeking exposure through the media and a modest amount of financing for openers. Mark Shields, a Democratic campaign consultant, thinks that anyone reaching for the brass ring should try to generate *intensity*, rather than acceptability, and he points to the early successes of Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, George Wallace and the late Robert Kennedy to substantiate his thesis. The potential candidates I studied are taking divergent routes, mainly because they are launching themselves from different backgrounds and different starting lines. They are: Mondale (a senator), Morris Udall (a representative) and John Gilligan (a governor).

Mondale has been thinking about the presidency for a couple of years. Like many of his colleagues, he has had almost no executive experience (he was attorney general in Minnesota). But he is an earnest, hard-working man who in good Democratic tradition has labored for "the little man." He has been pushing for the creation of a Council of Social Advisers to cope with the problems of indigent children, old people and broken families. He joined the Senate Finance Committee to fight for more equitable taxation. He has also been thinking about the institution of the presidency, and, speaking in Los Angeles last weekend, he warned that its continued lack of accountability could ultimately destroy the office. In January he took his first step in the direction of the White House by authorizing his Minnesota supporters to put together an "exploratory committee," raising the money that would enable him to travel and sound out Democratic leaders so that he could "determine whether an all-out campaign for the nomination is a feasible or even a good idea." A month later he spent a week in California in an effort to demonstrate his acceptability to a wide range of Democrats. The trip was not spectacular, nor has his progress been too encouraging since then. One indication that he is not arousing much fervor is that his committee has so far attracted less than one-third of the $100,000 it hopes to amass this year. The popularity polls also reveal that he has a long way to go.

One of his Minneapolis disciples says that Mondale's biggest drawback is that "he doesn't look real." Mondale himself blames the television networks and major newspapers for ignoring him: "If you're not a star you don't get covered, and if you're not covered you never get anywhere." He says for example that his

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denunciation of Vice President Gerald Ford a few weeks ago should have made the front pages and the nightly television news, and I am inclined to agree that the speech would have been publicized had it been delivered by Kennedy. I would also agree with Mondale's complaint that "inherited money and name" can quickly overcome invisibility. Yet Mondale's inability to gain exposure may be partly his own fault. A television personality confided to me that Mondale *has* been on the air, but is, as he put it, "so dull that he makes a show droop." A political professional to whom I passed on Mondale's expressions of dissatisfaction was equally unsympathetic. "Fritz has a helluva nerve bellyaching after six months of campaigning," he said. "McGovern was out ringing doorbells for three years before anyone paid attention to him." Another observer, personally sympathetic to Mondale, said: "Let's face it, Fritz does not have that much to say."

If aspiring senators sometimes consider themselves neglected by the media, what about representatives? A member of the House has not moved directly into the White House since James A. Garfield was elected President in 1880—and he was a general born in a log cabin. Congressional terms are only two years; it takes long service in that large body to emerge from anonymity. Those who do eventually rise to national prominence through seniority are too old to become presidential candidates. Thus the potential bid of Morris "Mo" Udall, the tall, witty, homespun Arizonan, is something of a novelty, an experiment that began rather inadvertently and seems to be ambling along casually.

Udall, who has a fine record ranging from the Vietnam war to environment since he first entered the House in 1961, had no notions about higher office until one day in February, when he encountered a couple of colleagues, Wisconsin congressmen David Obey and Henry Reuss. As Obey tells it, he and Reuss were commiserating over the likelihood that the Democratic nominee would be either Kennedy or Scoop Jackson, both of whom they dislike. At that moment Udall appeared, and after bringing him into the discussion, they proposed putting him up as a candidate. Not long afterward Obey and Reuss circulated a petition in favor of an "exploratory effort" by Udall, and the document collected 27 House signatures. Since then Udall has been touring and is beginning to shape a strategy that consists, first, of making his availability known to local Democratic groups, then building a staff to raise funds, and finally organizing supporters in primary election states. His aides meanwhile are working to have him mentioned by columnists, on the theory that lofty opinion-makers are more important to a candidate's visibility and credibility than television coverage—at least in the opening phase of a campaign. The aides are also trying to develop a strong, devoted coterie to labor for Udall in precincts. "Dedication is more valuable than expertise," one of them said. "We need what the Kennedys had—a fraternity rather than an organization."

Udall approaches the experiment with equanimity. He admits to skepticism about his chances and says he will be "objective enough to drop out if the operation isn't succeeding." He emphasizes that voters are looking for "new faces" because Teddy Kennedy is too divisive and Jackson too hawkish to assure a cohesive Democratic party. If his present ideas are a guide to his future tactics, he will attempt to project what he calls "a sense of trust, confidence, personality and judgment" rather than flood the public with details. However he proceeds, it is a plunge into the unknown. "There are too many unpredictables to orchestrate a campaign that will guarantee the nomination," he told me. "People can't be manipulated anymore."

Governors may be better qualified for the presidency than either senators or congressmen in that they have executive experience. But many governors are locked into short and inconvenient terms, and committed as they are to the daily management of their states, they are less able to travel around in quest of national attention. Nelson Rockefeller resigned and Ronald Reagan is stepping down in November; both no doubt perceive the governorship to be a campaign handicap. Yet one governor who seems to regard himself as a presidential possibility, though he is currently running for reelection, is John Gilligan of Ohio, an energetic and exceptionally literate man, whom I visited a couple of weeks ago. Perhaps he recalls the success of another Democratic governor—Franklin Roosevelt—whose quest for the nomination in 1932 led him to no barnstorming travels.

In contrast to the other dark horses, Gilligan is careful to deny any plans to participate in the presidential race. He cannot afford to permit his present opponents to charge him with using the state house as a stepping stone. Yet it was clear to me that Gilligan has been devising a strategy to shoehorn himself out of Ohio and into Washington. In the first place he has been reinforcing the state's Democratic party apparatus, and it has paid off. A party machine that was in debt less than a decade ago was able to raise more than a million dollars last year. Partly as a result, the Democrats not only control the state legislature but Gilligan has managed to assert his sway over the local labor organizations—a vital political force in Ohio's industrial cities. Through tax reform and welfare programs, he has gone a long way toward awakening the state from its long sleep. It strikes me that through such achievements, Gilligan may hope to make Ohio a power base from which he can make a strong bid for the presidential nomination.

As we talked elliptically about this prospect, Gilligan stressed that the days are over when a Jack Kennedy could sweep across the country with unlimited

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funds, win primaries and take a convention by storm. As a consequence of the proportional representation rule, Gilligan estimates, the 1976 Democratic convention will be brokered not by the party bosses, but by a variety of factions. The variety, he calculates, may favor a governor whose strong record is known to the insiders. Although history never repeats itself exactly, Gilligan recalls that the last time a Democratic candidate was selected by the brokers was in 1952. The candidate was Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, a governor.

As Donald Matthews suggests, the process of nominating a President is "extraordinarily subtle, ambiguous and complex." No explicit formula describes it. Some candidates underline the importance of money, organization and media coverage; others stress appealing issues. Experience is said to be prized, yet there are specialists who argue that if we focus on political veterans, we will narrow the field to tired old faces that have lost their appeal. On the other hand, it is pointed out, candidates without experience are risky. To complicate matters further, the entire procedure of primaries and caucuses means that a presidential aspirant must submit himself to a labyrinth of different election laws and political deals. Obscure politicians trying to navigate through all this, it seems to me, recall Dr. Johnson's familiar description of a dog walking on its hind legs: it is never done well but one's surprised to find it done at all.

India: The Lost Years

by Richard Critchfield

New Delhi

India has lost its one big historic chance to grow enough food. Instead the Malthusian scourge has finally caught up with it: the rural death rate is dramatically rising. The poorest Indians are paying a heavy price for political decisions of the past three years: the loss of American cash, credit and, above all, hundreds of agricultural technicians; their replacement by the economically disadvantageous alliance with Russia; and now India's testing of nuclear weapons and, as the world's seventh largest industrial power, its manufacture of sophisticated jets, tanks, satellites and rockets.

India will not have enough food this year or next year or possibly ever again on a planet with just 27 days' reserves for the entire human population. Just to break even with population growth the earth now has to grow 8.8 million tons more grain each year. Most of mankind lives on rice or wheat and while wheat is holding its own, the growth rate of rice production, at one percent a year, is falling behind a two percent population growth.

Over the years a great many dooms have been predicted for India. It would "go Communist," be conquered by China, break into entirely separate linguistic states, parliamentary government would be overthrown by a military coup or by the communal forces of political Hinduism or, more vaguely, India would simply "go down the drain." None, save a Chinese occupation, is impossible. But most, with the passage of time and the emergence of a fairly prosperous urban middle class and northern farming community, perhaps numbering 100 to 150 million people in all, look increasingly unlikely. There are two Indias today and the modernizing minority is probably strong enough to hold the country together.

What is actually happening was largely unpredicted. Infants and old people, vulnerable because of inadequate diet, are beginning to die by the millions in poor, isolated villages. Indian doctors say that while there is some rise in cholera, smallpox and malaria, the big two new killers are plain old upper respiratory infections and gastroenteritis. Neither was usually fatal a few years ago.

The sudden, calamitous growth of India's population, once it was freed by the spread of medical science, has mostly taken place this century; it has risen by almost 200 million since I first visited India in the late 1950s. Then the rate of natural increases was 1.3 percent; by last year it was 2.5 percent.

Demographers say India will be pressing 700 million

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by the end of the 1970s and that yearly gains could rise from a present 13 million to 70 million within 26 years. It is now officially admitted that the 1971 census count of 542 million was nine million short; this means India will pass the 600 million mark sometime in early September. Despite 10 years of fairly vigorous family planning—$80 million is being spent this year—nothing has changed the traditional pattern of rural fertility or pronatalist views shaped by 10,000 years of clinging to a bare existence. By the time the average Indian woman reaches 46 she will have had 5.6 children. By 1989 there will be twice as many childbearing women so that, if mass famine is averted, the geometrical progression of India's population will continue.

Statistics indicate mass famine may quietly be well underway. Rural India's crude death rate first began to rise five years ago, climbing from 14 to 15.7 per 1000 persons by 1970 and 16.9 by 1972, the latest year with overall official data available. But preliminary sample surveys published by the Indian Office of the Registrar General show the death rate in parts of Uttar Pradesh state reached 27.1 per 1000 last year. With the overall rural crude birth rate down to 36.6—though still up in the mid-40s in the poorest areas—India's rate of natural increase is now actually declining, possibly by as much as from 2.5 to 2.1 percent. Some Indians claim this is because of the success of family planning; it is not. It is because more and more Indians are being born, not getting enough to eat and are catching bad colds or stomach aches and dying.

India's famous propaganda slogans of "a small family is a happy family" and "*Do ya teen bas!*" ("Two or three, finish!") have never been convincing in a village world where more sons mean more rupees coming in to the landless and mean security not only in old age but here and now in violence-ridden countrysides. For the poor Indian it remains eminently rational to have many children. It is only the urban middle class and the prosperous farmers of the northern plains who have taken to intrauterine devices and even they have shunned the pill since it causes irregular bleeding (a menstruating Hindu woman cannot cook or go to the temple since she is considered unclean). Indian experience, as well as elsewhere, has been that agricultural advance, and the change in village social values it brings, is the prerequisite for population control.

Indira Gandhi's tragedy of the past three or four years, of which the May nuclear explosion and a Soviet-advised rocket program are just the most alarming parts, is that the orientation of the leftist Kashmiri Brahmins who mostly advise her is so overwhelmingly political. There does not seem to be an apolitical technocrat or sound economist in the lot. It is a milieu more concerned with the superpowers, détente and grand imperial strategy; a court that looks not to the south, to the Gangetic Plain, the Deccan Plateau and the steamy tropical coasts where most of the 600 million live, but northward to massed Russian and Chinese armies between the Urals and Lake Baikal, to Pakistan where Baluchi and Pathan tribals are in revolt against Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's pro-Chinese government, to Afghanistan, now run by pro-Russian military men and to Iran and the shah with his growing ties with Delhi and Kabul and no longer so certain of saving Pakistan from any threat of disintegration or invasion by the Indian Army. It is all the Great Game and Henry Kissinger's expected visit this month the next move; its politics are heady but have little to do with India's 500,000 villages. There, people are starving.

Take for example D. P. Dhar, chairman of India's Planning Commission, former ambassador to Moscow, and a fellow Kashmiri Hindu Brahmin who is perhaps Mrs. Gandhi's most trusted adviser and troubleshooter. Dhar was Mrs. Gandhi's chief strategist on the break-up of Pakistan and the security treaty with Russia as well as a two-way one-billion-dollar trade package this year with the Soviet bloc that gives India a lot of paper credits, some obsolete technology and shoddy machine tools, and quite a lot of arms and political support in exchange for transferring many more valuable resources up north than are flowing back. The Soviet Union has supplied two million tons of wheat, one million of which is now being offloaded in Calcutta, and may give India two million more; but this year's Russian wheat crop is expected to be poor, with sowing delayed two weeks by frost, and Russia cannot supply India with the fuel, fertilizer and technical assistance it needs. Dhar, who has also negotiated deferred payment oil deals and mineral development with Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, represents the kind of Russian-minded development thinking that pushes rapid industrialization without first putting agriculture on a sound basis.

Mrs. Gandhi's greatest chance to feed India's people and create economic conditions where family planning might take hold came with the great American scientific breakthrough in tropical agriculture in 1967: the widespread introduction of new high-yielding strains of dwarf wheat and rice. The so-called green revolution, which really took hold during Mrs. Gandhi's second year in office in 1968, doubled wheat yields on the California-like, highly irrigated Punjab plain and brought India virtual self-sufficiency in food by 1971. This bonanza, which ensured Mrs. Gandhi's popularity during her early years, fell in her lap. The first seed plots of the new wheat were planted in India in 1964 just before her father Jawaharlal Nehru died. This burst of agricultural abundance covered up a great deal of economic mismanagement in the late 1960s and early 1970s and allowed Mrs. Gandhi to steer India on its present pro-Soviet course and invest heavily in an armaments industry and nuclear race whose grim domestic harvest will be increasingly evident late this year and early next.

A great many people have misunderstood the nature

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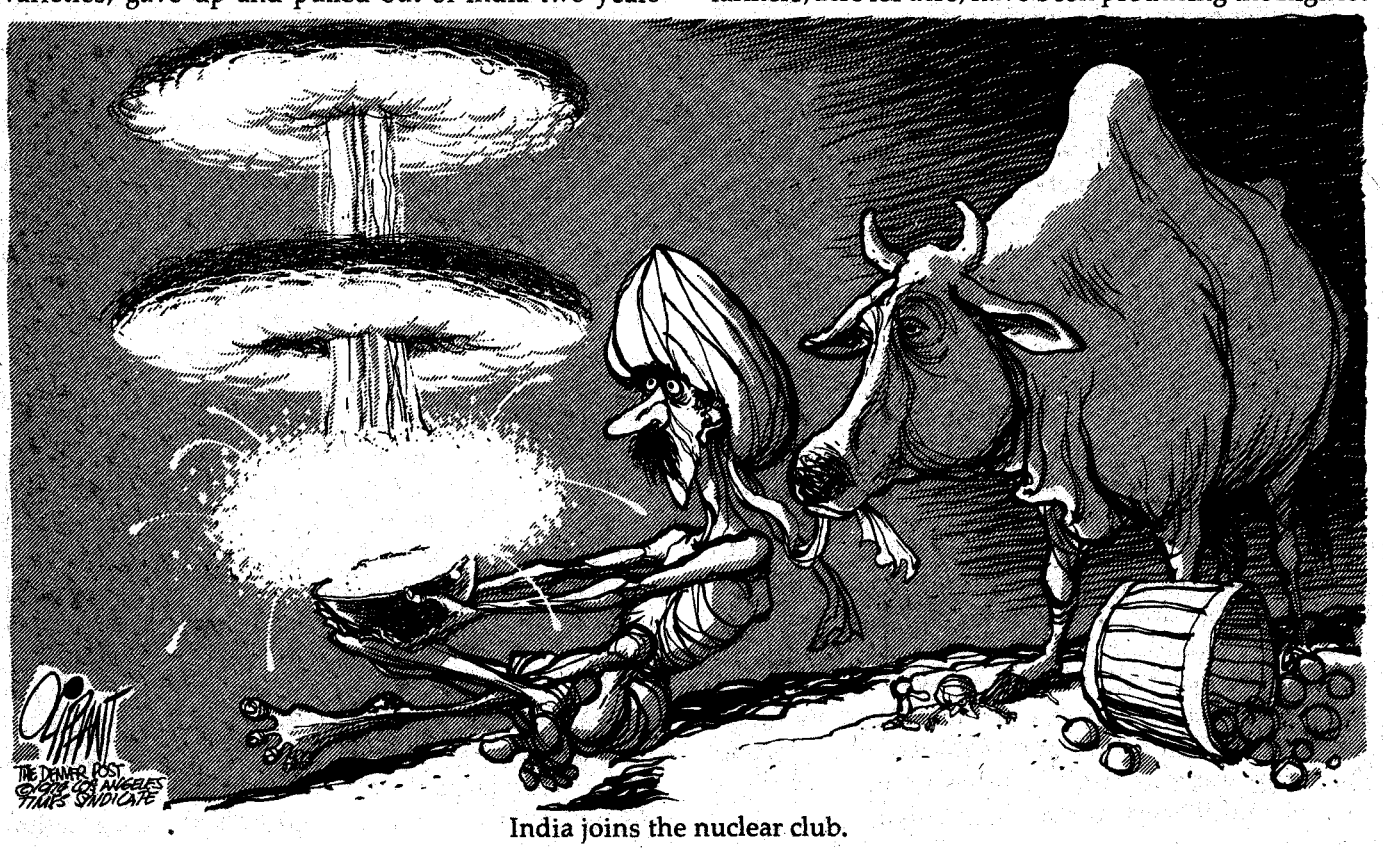
of the green revolution; Mrs. Gandhi and her advisers seem to have been among them. It is no one-shot thing; it is a long-term continuous process of transferring American farm technology and this requires the continuous presence of American technicians—especially plant breeders, geneticists and agronomists—to find scientific answers to problems of environmental adjustment and ecological backlash as they crop up. What we call the green revolution is essentially the geographical transfer of new high-yielding seeds, irrigation, mechanization and the massive application of chemical fertilizer and, most important, the knowledge that goes with this. In countries like India in the late 1960s it came so fast that when the first spectacular results diminished, palpably absurd and trendy articles began appearing that the green revolution had "withered" or "failed" or whatever. But the green revolution is not an event but a process that will just go on, transforming for good and bad rural societies all over the earth.

Since the suspension of US assistance and the souring of relations after the 1971 Bangladesh war, literally hundreds of American farm technicians, sponsored by the Agency for International Development and the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, have quit India and gone home. The US aid program, up to a peak of $877 million and 236 highly skilled professionals in 1966, most of them involved with agriculture, is now down to a $50 million a year infant and pregnant mother feeding scheme and nine Americans, almost all of them purely administrators. The Rockefeller Foundation, which focused entirely in India on agriculture research, mostly developing constantly newer, high-yielding varieties, gave up and pulled out of India two years ago. Ford, which focused on the practical application of technology and had a large group of farm experts working closely with the Indian Agriculture Ministry, is down to a skeleton crew of non-technicians.

Mrs. Gandhi and her people do not seem to grasp what a monumental misjudgment they made in allowing a state of affairs where most of the American farm experts have pulled out. You cannot continue to transfer American farm technology without them. M. G. Kaul, one of Mrs. Gandhi's key economic advisers, told me that old government-to-government technical assistance programs brought mostly "second-raters" to India, since they were the only ones willing to stay three or four years. "If you want top people," he said, "you have to pay for them and they'll only stay four or five months." He cited some Canadian copper miners as an example. Kaul's observation may be valid for industry but not agriculture. The green revolution is the product of the land grant colleges and US agricultural service and the vast amount of expertise gathered in the past 80 years; almost all these men, directly or indirectly, are financed by the government. As one of the few Western agricultural experts left in Delhi said, throwing up his hands in exasperation, "I don't know where Mrs. Gandhi's people are, on Mars or somewhere; they're certainly not in India!"

This is brought home to you up on the fertile Punjab plain, which produces India's main marketable food surplus; it has been the main setting of the green revolution and, after 1967, the spectacular transformation from subsistence agriculture to modern commercial farming. Its hardy Moslem, Sikh and Hindu Jat Punjabi farmers, acre for acre, have been producing the highest



India joins the nuclear club.

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wheat yields on earth. This is the region primarily responsible for the rapid rise in the use of scientific inputs in Indian agriculture. Since 1961 fertilizer consumption has risen from 300,000 tons to 3.1 million tons with a present estimated demand of five million tons; electric and diesel pumps from 420,000 to 2.1 million; tubewells from 19,000 to 718,000; tractors from 31,000 to 173,000 and the number of acres planted in new high-yielding varieties from two to 23 million hectares.

I spent 10 days touring rural villages here—unhappily being caught in one when the reportedly none-too-clean plutonium explosion went off May 18 on the Rajasthan desert some 300 miles to the west of us—and expected to find water and power shortages and diesel fuel and fertilizer available only at black market prices. They were, but this was not the main trouble. The farmers' chief complaint was that "there is no good new seed." They said the first three new wheat varieties introduced in the late 1960s—Khalyan Sona, PV-18 and 308—were the only good ones and that those put out by Indian research institutions since 1971 had been fiascos, either rust-prone, subject to insects, just plain low-yielding or with serious environmental problems. Others said heavy dosages of nitrogen since 1967 had left the soil deficient in potash and other minerals but that no one was supplying the technical assistance to remedy this.

Per acre yields that were two or 1.8 tons four years ago are down to 1.4 to 1.3 tons even in Punjab's richest district of Ludhiana. Mrs. Gandhi's economists talk about procuring seven million tons to keep the urban public food distribution system going. They will be lucky to get four or five million. The wheat harvest just threshed, hoped to be 30 million tons, may reach less than 23 million tons. Although Mrs. Gandhi has raised the procurement price per 100 kilos from $9.88 to $13.65, farmers angrily say this is still too high to offset high fuel and fertilizer costs; they demand "parity." Many are hoarding their wheat at home for the first time. Food is politics in India and if Delhi, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta and such deficient states as Kerala cannot get enough to avoid shortages and runaway prices, Mrs. Gandhi will be in real trouble by September. And needlessly.

A few days before the nuclear blast Dr. M. S. Swaminathan, director of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research and perhaps the leading farming authority in India, told me India could raise food production from the present 105 million tons to 220 million tons within 15 years provided it had the water, power, cash, credit and technical assistance. Swaminathan, an old-fashioned technocrat, said he was looking forward to the World Food Conference in Rome this fall; he wistfully recalled President Kennedy's 1961 prediction that America not only had the means to set foot on the moon but the technology to totally eradicate hunger from the earth. Swaminathan was full of schemes to triple fertilizer production, irrigate the vast Gangetic plain and ensure water control with cheap $3.10 bamboo tubewells, introduce special new grain varieties for the three-fourths of India's total acreage that is not irrigated and so on. Implicit in what he said was a return of American aid and technology.

The inflation rate of the past 12 months is somewhere between 22 and 29 percent; a kilo of rice can be bought for 13 cents at government fair price shops in the cities but out in the villages costs up to 26 cents. Mazdoors or landless laborers make 26, 39 or 52 cents a day when they can get work—power shortages and loss of water has dried up crops in parts of once irrigated areas. The arithmetic is such that landless laborers with the national average of 5.6 children cannot possibly feed their families. One can visit starving villages two or three hours from Delhi.

Nutritionists say an average Indian adult consumes 170 kilos of grain a year, a Southeast Asian 182, a Chinese 200 and an American 1000. When an Indian laborer with a family of eight has to feed them on 70 ounces a day, this is slow starvation.

Besides the Russian wheat, India has bought about one million tons abroad so far, 200,000 tons from the US. But it cannot buy much more. India faces a $2.4 billion balance of payments deficit this year and the World Bank-sponsored Aid India Consortium, even before Japan and other countries threatened to cut off aid after the nuclear blast, had seen only $1.3 million in aid and a 50 percent debt rescheduling as the maximum achievable target. And $200 to $300 million of this was hoped to come from Congress replenishing the International Development Association (IDA), the World Bank's soft loan arm. Congress has yet to act. Meanwhile, India has drawn a few hundred million from the International Monetary Fund (IMF), but not on concessional terms and while it won $200 million in immediate relief on oil payments to Iran, the money still has to be paid with interest, within five years. With exports doubling to five billion dollars since 1972, imports expected to make no more than $3.2 billion and only $1.4 billion in foreign exchange reserves, India badly needs more liquidity to import spare parts, fertilizer, fuel and food. It probably won't get it since the nuclear explosion gave the West and Japan the justification needed to turn their backs.

Yet if India loses, so does everybody. American grocery prices will keep on going up as long as world food grain prices do, and it will be hard to avoid a global recession if the world's seventh biggest industrial power collapses.

Somehow Mrs. Gandhi has got to realize that the transfer of American farm technology to India must take precedence above all else. To allow her advisers to convince her otherwise, at a time the Russians are eagerly seeking American industrial technology themselves, is tragic. Three years have been lost already.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Chabrol

Claude Chabrol is one of the most talented filmmakers alive. He is also a good example of the fact that filmmaking talent isn't everything, that one needs a talent for the *use* of one's talent.

Chabrol's policy has apparently been: "I'll make a lot of films in my lifetime, and some of them will be good." The rationale behind this approach, I assume, is that if he fussed three or four years between films, only some of them would be good anyway, and it's better to keep exercising one's gifts. This, on a different level, is Bergman's policy, and on that different level, I go to a new Chabrol film as I do to a new Bergman. I hope it will be good, but I'm glad to have the chance to see it nevertheless.

Chabrol was born in 1930 in Paris, studied pharmacy, and became a film critic. (No worse a *non sequitur* than some others.) In 1957 he wrote a book on Hitchcock with Eric Rohmer, subsequently the director of *Claire's Knee*. In 1956 Chabrol began producing films, in 1958 he began directing. He has continued to produce and to assist on films other than his own; more than one New Wave director has testified to Chabrol's fraternal help. To date he has made some 24 features and several episodes for omnibus films.

I have seen 10 of his features. (Not all have been shown here.) None of them was bad, though some of them were irritating because they turned out to be less good than they promised. Two of them were fine. *This Man Must Die* (*TNR*, Nov. 14, 1970) is a "Greek" drama of revenge in the smaller-scale modern world. *Landru* (*TNR*, April 27, 1963) is a grimly existential version of the Bluebeard story and is one of the best films made since World War II. (It's a disgrace that *Landru* is not available for 16mm rental in an undubbed version.)

Murder is Chabrol's madeleine. Instead of dipping a cookie in tea, he dips a story in blood and off he goes. But he is no Sam Peckinpah; though violence occurs in Chabrol's films, it in itself is not his chief interest. For him, as it has been for the theater since Athens, murder is the greatest drama possible in human behavior, and he is concerned with the strains and tensions, the moral exacerbations and numbings that lead to and away from murder.

He has naturally studied Hitchcock, but his best work is more interesting to me than most of what Hitchcock has done. (I'm supposed to be ashamed to say this) since he left England. Hitchcock is a pop cynic, cinematically ingenious—one of the cleverest men ever to keep 10 frames ahead of the audience. Intellectually Chabrol is much deeper, much more concerned with the psychic/spiritual origins of violent action; cinematically he is much less concerned than Hitchcock is with cleverness, with dazzling montage, much more concerned with a sense of flow, of steady, luxurious inevitability, as if his characters were being borne forward on a swelling stream, almost pleasantly, to their various dooms.

This Man Must Die and *Landru* were both written by other people, the latter by Françoise Sagan. Most of Chabrol's films were written by himself. I infer nothing absolutely, but I note that his new film *Wedding in Blood* (New Line) was also written by himself and is also less than his best. Exquisitely made, well worth seeing, not good enough. All through it I had something of the feeling I get when I hear Joan Sutherland sing second-rate Donizetti. The same voice, the same virtuosity that she used in *Norma*, but how much more rewarding in Bellini. Style versus content? Certainly style *can* be content, but how much better when they coexist.

I wonder sometimes how Sutherland gets the energy to sing some of the things that she sings beautifully. I wonder where Chabrol got the energy to put word after word on paper, scene after scene on film, of this trite story. A married man falls in love with another man's wife. (As he has often done, Chabrol really places the story in a real place—Valençay in the Loire Valley.) The man is played by Michel Piccoli, so we know he will be an intelligent sensualist; the woman is played by Stephane Audran (Mme. Chabrol), so we know she will be unusually beautiful and well acted. Piccoli has an incurably invalid wife, and finds himself able to dose out a few extra drops of her medicine one night to polish her off. The town thinks it's suicide. Then Audran's husband, the mayor, discovers her affair with Piccoli, his deputy mayor. Instead of being angry, the husband is glad to have the means of blackmailing Piccoli into collusion on a graft scheme. So Piccoli and Audran now have some semblance of "moral" excuse to kill off her husband, thus freeing Piccoli of graft and freeing both survivors to marry eventually. They are caught through the intervention, unintentional, of Audran's loving early-adolescent daughter. (Where *do* French directors, from Bresson on, get those charming, gifted young girls?)

The holes in the script are so wide you could drive the husband's Citroën through them. His murder is so stupidly done that a) it could easily have been observed and b) the faked car accident wouldn't have fooled an imbecile. Audran's visits to Piccoli by night are impossible to believe, even though the streets are empty, with the guillotine threatening both. The film begins with a heavy quotation from *The Eumenides* in which Orestes says that no one dare proclaim his guilt because the question is so mixed. But both of these lovers are guilty as hell, without qualification, unless a wife's chronic illness or a husband's boorishness is to be taken as justification for homicide. From Zola to James M. Cain and beyond, the wages of two sinners moving through murder toward marriage have been plain; this script, as script, is banal.

But. A big but. Chabrol *makes* the film so well that it takes on the texture of Simenon—the non-Maigret Simenon of, say, *The Cat*. Guy Littaye, Chabrol's customary designer, gives him the usual interiors covered with ornate wallpaper against which his characters move in

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Claudine. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll, well directed by John Berry in romantic comedy about Manhattan blacks today. Ingratiating.

The Conversation. Some doldrums but mainly well made parable about electronic snooper who slips into moral involvement in his work.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson as a salty old salt in a raunchy cruel story of peacetime navy.

Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir. The last film (surely) by a man who has made masterpieces. Not this time, still there's some charm.

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There is No Such Thing . . .

Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth by Raoul Berger

(Harvard University Press; $15)

This volume is a readable, scholarly polemic on a vital constitutional issue. Like his now-famed *Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems*, it is a superb display of learning in support of a cause: restoration of congressional authority and consequent diminution of presidential prerogative, one Berger has long espoused. Both books derive from research begun long before Watergate, so it is, perhaps, unfortunate that he has converted some of his work, especially his epilogue, into a lawyer's brief specifically relating to issues of impeachment and executive privilege growing out of the country's present constitutional crisis.

This book will be extremely well received by the media, in part because it tells them what they want to hear: that there is no such thing as "executive privilege." His standards for determining that "executive privilege" is a myth, however, would not prove equally acceptable when applied to other constitutional questions. Essentially, it is Berger's position that executive privilege finds no provenance in English constitutional history, no support in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and is absent as well from the texts of the ratifying conventions and the 18th-century commentators. Its history, therefore, is like that of the press-demanded privilege against revealing its sources—the so-called "newspaperman's privilege" for which there is even less warrant in our history. Indeed it is like the history of the power of judicial review of national legislation. And even the now well established congressional power of investigation is without support in the language or legislative history of our fundamental document.

The case against the historical validity of executive privilege deriving from the Constitution itself is devastatingly demonstrated by Berger, at least insofar as it relates to the origins of our Constitution. Its existence, therefore, must depend not on the Constitution's language, but rather on an inference of necessity, which also has persuasiveness in the establishment of constitutional law. One could say of executive privilege what Judge Learned Hand said of the power of judicial review:

> *There was nothing in the United States Constitution that gave the courts any authority to review the decisions of Congress; and it was a plausible—indeed to my mind an unanswerable—argument that it invaded that "Separation of Powers" which, as so many then believed, was the condition of all free government. That there were other reasons, not only proper but essential, for inferring such a power in the Constitution seems to me certain.*

On the inference from necessity Berger's book is somewhat less persuasive than on his essential proposition of absence of specific constitutional warrant. His scholarly commitments make it appropriate for him to discuss each of the major episodes of our history during which Presidents have withheld evidence demanded by Congress. (He could not detail the hundreds of occasions on which officers of the executive branch have successfully frustrated legislative demands for data within the possession of those officers.) But, not satisfied to show that, on principle and in general, the executive privilege has been successfully claimed only with the acquiescence of Congress, Berger attempts to explain away those instances of withholding that can only be said to have been accomplished against the legislative will. By so doing he endangers his own credibility, much as William Winslow Crosskey did, in his now all but forgotten *Politics and the Constitution*, when he attempted to establish his thesis of national and congressional supremacy against the concepts of federalism that had long been accepted. History does not afford evidence of a road such as Berger depicts, one without turnings and twistings. These may be rejected as detours and bypasses, but their existence cannot be denied.

The constitutional doctrine of necessity on which the defenders of the privilege must rely, however, is not adequate for all occasions. Whatever merit it may have for the ordinary course of the business of government, it certainly is sapped of its strength where the legislative demand on the executive is in the context of impeachment proceedings. A case may be made for refusing the Senate Watergate committee access to confidential communications and documents of the President, a case may also be made where it is the grand jury or the courts that demand the materials, but where they are called for by the body charged with the duty of impeachment, the House of Representatives, the case for executive privilege totally flounders. For here a specific duty charged by the Constitution is sought to be flouted under what it is, at best, an implied authority to cover up that which impeachment proceedings are charged with uncovering. There is no doubt that Berger draws his greatest strength from the impeachment precedents. Indeed one might say that Berger's case against the privilege rests largely on analogy to the power of the grand inquest of the nation most cogently made in the constitutional impeachment provisions. Surely the doctrine of necessity lends greater support to the investigating legislature, in the course of impeachment, than to the investigated executive.

Berger would be prepared, where the executive rejects legislative demands on the ground of executive privilege, to turn the matter over to the courts. In part this is so because Berger is one among many who are devotees of what Jerome Frank once called the "cult of the robe." It is one of the myths of our time—since Roosevelt—that the courts, and particularly the Supreme Court, are omnicompetent, detached Delphic oracles who are the ultimate diviners of the meaning of the Constitution. The more it is repeated, the more it is believed, although such eminent constitutional statesmen as Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, among others, would have none of it. The fact is that the courts are without precedents or standards to resolve such direct conflicts between the political branches of the government. They can only do so, as the District of Columbia courts have well demonstrated in recent months, on the basis of their personal predilections. Berger may prove to be disappointed by any Supreme Court judgments that may issue on the subject, but his confidence in the righteousness of his cause precludes the

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possibility of his recognizing any such possibility.

What will happen to the courts as a result of being pressed between the two behemoths of government, whichever way they may resolve the most fundamental constitutional issue of our time, is not a question that concerns Berger. He argues that where two branches of the government are in dispute, the third should be the appropriate arbiter. But he does not mean this, except where the conflict is between the legislature and the executive. He would not have the executive decide differences between the legislature and the judiciary. And his endorsement of the recent tapes decision by the court of appeals makes it clear that he would not have the legislature adjudicate a conflict between the executive and the judicial branches. For it must be remembered that the case decided a few months ago involved the question whether the judiciary, in seeking the production of documents from the President, was to be the judge of its own cause. It decided that it was. Surely this has happened in the past, but only where the courts were resting on legislative command and not, as here, in the absence of statutory authority. (Even so it is not so clear to me that, in the earlier cases, the courts were so clearly right in reading the legislative command.)

What Berger has on his side is public opinion. And, in a democracy, public opinion must weigh heavily. For if the Court were to decide the question, whether the judicial decision were in favor of the President or the Congress, the public would demand compliance from the losing party. At the same time it must be remembered that the primary function of a written constitution is to put certain matters beyond the control of an existent—and perhaps temporary—majority will.

I think that it is unfortunate that the Court has undertaken precipitously to answer the question of executive privilege, as the special prosecutor requested, without the assistance of a court of appeals decision, and without adequate time to deliberate, to investigate and to consult on so basic a question. Whatever the demands of the Pentagon papers case for a quick resolution that caused the Court to reject the temporizing advice of Justice Harlan, those demands are not present here, in a criminal case where trial may be postponed for a few months without harm. I admit, however, that a different demand of immediacy—however unfortunate—might result from the presentation of the issue in a contest between the House Judiciary Committee and the President. But the House Judiciary Committee under the wise guidance of John Doar seems committed not to throw on the Supreme Court the burden so readily accepted by the trial and appellate courts of the District of Columbia.

Once again it should be said that Berger has afforded us a volume of constitutional history that represents historical scholarship at its finest. One need not agree with the inferences that he has drawn from his data to recognize that whatever decisions are to be reached must be based on that data. Once again we are in Berger's debt and none, least of all I, should suggest that the accolades he has received for his recent work are anything but well deserved. All of us should look forward to his further researches, for in any age when historians, like the press, tend to pick and choose only the evidence that supports their theses, Berger demonstrates a devotion to completeness and objectivity that should inspire others to follow his example.

Philip B. Kurland

Looking Back

A Darkening Green by Peter S. Prescott

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $6.95)

Peter Prescott's new book (which he subtitles "Notes from the Silent Generation") could easily have become yet another of those morose accounts of Coming of Age in the '50s. But if *A Darkening Green* is marked by one flaw characteristic of the period—a rather excessive self-consciousness and self-absorption—it also possesses at least three qualities that elevate it above the rest: by quoting extensively from a diary he kept during his freshman year at Harvard, Prescott discloses that at a singularly early age he was writing prose of genuine grace and elegance; he is refreshingly blunt and good-humored about his own adolescent shortcomings; and his account really *does*, as such books should, convey a sense of maturation and expansion.

Prescott, when he is not writing admirably succinct book reviews for *Newsweek*, is making a small career out of his adolescence. In an earlier book *A World of Our Own*, he skillfully combined a memoir of his early-'50s years at Choate School with an exploration of how that institution was weathering the various storms of the '60s. Now in *A Darkening Green* he tells what it was like to be a Harvard freshman in 1953-54 and to be a member of a generation which he described at the time, with pardonable adolescent melodrama, as "a confused generation, one so racked by world strife and personal uncertitude that it has lost sight of a goal."

What it was like, in no unimportant measure, was to be tormented by the ceaseless and fruitless pursuit of girls. The "casual sex" that so distresses today's suburban mothers was, to most of us who grew up in the '50s, not a possible reality but an impossible fantasy. We were upright, uptight, hesitant and fumbling. From Prescott's diary:

> *I was planning to kiss her in the car, if I was going to do it at all. She got out. "Sorry I can't invite you in" she said, "but you understand." I got out quickly, but she climbed up the steps—and looked down at me. Hell, thought I, she doesn't want it. More strained conversation; I pulled backward. Then I saw by her beautiful, brilliant eyes that she was a little surprised. Hell, thought I, she did want it; I'm a damn fool. But my hand was on the car door handle. There was no changing of the mind. I swore at myself in French all the way home.*

"I'm a damn fool." All of us must have said those words to ourselves dozens of times. One '50s night, during the summer between Groton and Chapel Hill, I spent several hours entirely alone in the company of a girl who seemed to me then all I could ever ask for. The lights were dim, soft music was playing, we sat close together on a comfortable sofa—and I did *nothing*. Some months later she visited me at Chapel Hill, and, fueled no doubt by frat-house brew, I made my move. "I'm sorry," she told me, very gently, "you missed your chance last summer."

Prescott has it down exactly right: we all talked a lot about sex, indeed we talked incessantly about it, but damn few of us did anything about it. He also has down, exactly right, the tone of our nocturnal freshman bull sessions, when we sat around for endless hours solemnly debating such momentous ques-

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tions as "What is the purpose of life?" and "To what goal are we moving?"—heaving Plato and Aristotle and Nietzsche at each other with only the foggiest idea of what we were saying, but loving the weighty sound of our words.

All of which, of course, we have read about many times before. What gives Prescott's chronicle its particular distinction is the clarity with which he views himself. For all his attractive qualities, he nonetheless comes across as a bit of a prig and a rather unsufferable grind. While his roommates and friends wallowed in drink and freshmanic excess, Prescott went through the motions of participation (of being "one of the boys") but always held back: "I sat to one side and sipped vodka and orange juice because sleep was out of the question; still, everyone but me got roaring drunk." While others cut classes, slept late and otherwise frittered their time away, Prescott dutifully stuck to the grind, racking up his academic brownie points.

Maybe his friends thought him insufferable; certainly neither in his diary nor in his retrospective commentary, does he make any attempt to represent himself as anything except a somewhat timid and reticent outsider, observer rather than participant. Yet in gradually withdrawing from the amiable but frivolous pastimes of his friends, Prescott was moving toward maturity and purpose. He came to realize that he wanted to write, and he directed his energies toward that end. The facilely amiable fellow who had "prided himself . . . in being liked by just about everybody in the senior class at Choate" was discovering, developing and refining his own, interior concerns.

It is this palpable sense of growth and self-realization that gives *A Darkening Green* its true depth and interest. At the book's end the process is not complete; the green is darkening, but it is still green. And what more, pray tell, can we expect of a college freshman? Peter Prescott came a long way in one short year, and his modest but affecting book is a fine testament to the strides he made.

Jonathan Yardley

COMING

Stanley Karnow
reviews
The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence
by Victor Marchetti
and John D. Marks

The Hollow Man

Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! by Albert Goldman

(from the journalism of Lawrence Schiller)

(Random House; $10)

Albert Goldman has shlepped around in the wild, fevered head of Lenny Bruce ever since he first caught Lenny's act in 1960 and so dug it that he began analyzing the Brucian humor in such double-dome journals as *Commentary* and *The New Leader*—to the obvious delight of high school dropout Lenny. The obsession hooked Goldman, an academic and critic, when Lenny died at 41 from an overdose of drugs in 1966. For the past five years Goldman has been researching and writing the biography, parts of which have appeared in various magazines, while Bruce buffs eagerly awaited the book.

Ladies and gentlemen it was well worth the wait. *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!!* is a spectacular achievement, mammoth, brilliant, depressingly hilarious and outrageously proper. The oxymoronic character of the book reflects the contradictory elements of Bruce himself, that cruel-kind, villainous-heroic, child-man who became the most savage scatological social satirist of his day, a comic whose attempts to destroy society's sham drove him, finally, to destroy himself.

It has become fashionable to speak of Lenny only in the reverential tones usually reserved for Catholic martyrs and Jewish mothers—he OD'd for our sins, that sort of thing. Surely by the time the mythmakers are done we will have a Lenny Bruce pure enough to play St. Patrick's on All Saints Day. But, as Goldman points out, Lenny's life was as squalid as the society he satirized. Vicious and vindictive, Bruce was a denizen of a darkly amoral netherworld. "Hitler," writes Goldman, "was Lenny's ultimate hero."

Vicious? To save himself from a narcotics rap Lenny became a constant informer for the police and helped bust junky and pusher friends. Vindictive? To punish his wife, stripper Honey Harlowe, for sleeping with some musician, Lenny, suggests Goldman, set Honey up for a drug bust, for which she spent a couple of years in prison. He further humiliated the bisexual Honey and tortured himself by forcing her to participate in orgies. Lenny's real obsession, though, was drugs; Goldman painstakingly reports how he fed his $600-a-week habit. Indeed there are so many drugs mentioned in the book you can probably get high by smoking its pages.

What Lenny needed for his art—yes, he *was* an artist—he drew from drug-and-sex-fueled fantasies and from his very skin, from his oedipal relationship with his mother, nightclub entertainer Sally Marr, and his love-hate relationship with his podiatrist father. Goldman superbly analyzes Lenny's metamorphosis from a bombing nightclub impressionist ("he couldn't do anything else") to a foul-mouthed burlesque banana to the cloacal comic genius whose "free-form rap mosaic" was the verbal correlative of the heady, provocative, wildly improvisational bebop of jazzmen like Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Into Bruce's crazy head went everything he had ever experienced: movies, cartoons, newspaper clips, religious claptrap, and out came free-associating stream of consciousness that could amuse, abuse, shock and spellbind audiences for three hours. Lenny's comic guru, according to Goldman, was Joe Ancis, a fascinating funnyman who was too terrified to appear on stage. So Lenny copied his style and some shtick. But the point of view was pure Bruce.

We know that Lenny was impaled on his point of view by defenders of American morality, arrested for his "obscene" act, forced to defend himself in court trials, all of which are recounted here. Some intellectuals who should have known better, playwright John Osborne, Penelope Gilliatt, Siobhan McKenna, dismissed Lenny as a foulmouthed freak without understanding what he was saying. To understand Lenny, says Goldman, it was necessary to understand that his

> *obscenities established a no-bullshit tone of off-the-record honesty. They served to spark Lenny's imaginative processes and to wake up and stimulate his listeners. They evoked the hipster underworld that Lenny inhabited as well as defining many other social groups and subcultures. They were satiric barbs, aggressive*

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missiles, deflationary pins stuck into hollow values.

You can still drive a division of armored cavalry through the hollow values, but where are the pin-wielders? Until another one comes along we can take satisfaction in Goldman's splendid biography, resonant with Lenny's glottal sound, his burp-gun style with insights flashing like tracer bullets. I urge you to read it.

Arthur Cooper

Recent, Notable Fiction

Elizabeth Alone
by William Trevor
(Viking; $6.95)

William Trevor is a fine British writer whose work has received little attention in this country. His last novel wasn't even published here. And his last short story collection, *The Ballroom of Romance*, which Viking published in 1972 and which was one of the most satisfying collections to come from Britain in years, was hardly reviewed.

The reason for this neglect is fairly evident. Trevor is very much of a traditionalist, interested more in illuminating character than in experimenting with narrative technique and extending the possibilities of fiction. His characters, though at times appearing quite eccentric, are recognizable human beings who suffer rather prosaic difficulties. Some would say that fiction has advanced too far for us to be affected by this type of work. (One American critic simply dismissed *The Ballroom of Romance* as being too old-fashioned.) But Trevor, with his ability to penetrate character, to yield small truths, does touch us.

His stories always conclude on just the right note, and that note remains with us, causing us to reevaluate what we have read. "The Table" (from Trevor's first collection, *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake*) focuses on Mr. Jeffs, an antique furniture dealer devoted to his business, and on the complications that arise when he buys a table from a woman and then sells it to her husband's mistress. We are entertained by a string of comic incidents, but it is only at the end of the tale that we understand what Trevor has been getting at. A man who has kept to himself all his life, secure in his little world, suddenly finds himself entangled in the personal affairs of others and revealing information that should have remained secret. Shaken by his error and his involvement, Mr. Jeffs retreats: "He noticed that dusk was falling; and he returned to the house where he had never lit a fire, where the furniture loomed and did not smile at him, where nobody wept and nobody told a lie."

Trevor's novels have always been less memorable and successful than his short pieces, chiefly because the author works best in a limited space. He is better at suggesting depth of character than he is at actually rendering it. In his novels he tends to explain too much about his characters, and often the explanations seem a bit too pat. His people (who possess names like Bird, Nox and Tonsell) are just as, if not more, quirky and Dickensian as those in his short fiction, but the analysis and scrutiny to which they are subjected cause them to lose much of their mystery. We understand them more, but they intrigue us less. Whereas the stories are compact and well structured, the novels often seem overdrawn and shapeless. Like Angus Wilson, another British author who is more effective as a short story writer, Trevor fills his novels with numerous characters and then proceeds to jump from one to another, determined to give each his due, carried away by each individual story. The titles of his novels reflect this attraction for group portraits: *The Old Boys, The Boarding-House, The Love Department, Mrs. Eckdorf at O'Neill's Hotel.*

Elizabeth Alone may be somewhat of a misleading title for though Trevor does focus on Elizabeth Aidallbery, a middle-aged divorcee who enters a London hospital for a hysterectomy, he also focuses on her mother, children and friends, her husband and the woman he intends to marry, as well as on her wardmates, their problems and the people in their lives. He even manages to keep track of some of the hospital staff. The thematic thread linking all of these diverse characters is so thin that it sometimes seems invisible, but a thread does exist. Like many of Trevor's other creations, most of the people here have been shaken from their dreams by reality. The lives they imagined they would lead have not come to pass. The perfection and order they desired is missing. The people closest to them, whom they believed they knew so well, have, to varying degrees, disappointed or failed them. Elizabeth's husband failed to excite her as a lover. Lily Drucker, a wardmate of Elizabeth's, discovers that her beloved husband has been visiting prostitutes. The seemingly devoted boyfriend of Miss Ransom, another wardmate, suddenly leaves her. At times the characters retreat into their dreams, recalling happier days, or imagining that change is still possible, that they still possess the power to radically alter their lives. But gradually they come to accept reality, admitting defeat and resigning themselves to the way things must be.

The pathetic efforts of Elizabeth's divorced friend Henry to turn over a new leaf are recorded throughout the course of the novel. He does what many of the other characters only think of doing—he makes a determined effort to change. But although he cleans his cluttered house (as disorderly as his life), secures a new job and alters his shabby appearance, his personality remains fixed. His eventual defeat is sad and moving, but not at all surprising—in Trevor's world people cannot really change, they can only recognize their flaws and prevent those flaws from dominating and destroying them. When the compassionate Miss Ransom tells Elizabeth that she prayed for better lives for all of her wardmates, Elizabeth understands that Miss Ransom was really praying for perfection and that in an imperfect world, filled with imperfect people, her prayer couldn't possibly have been answered.

Considering the odds against a writer in managing a cast as large as this one, it is surprising how many of Trevor's characters come to affect us. There are a number of finely drawn scenes, and the character of Henry is a splended creation. As always Trevor's prose is precise and unpretentious. But he is unable to

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give enough shape to his material. When he does attempt to link various characters, the techniques he employs seem too mechanical—the device, for example, of parallel action (at one point he records the dreams of each woman recovering from her operation). Since Trevor spends so much time with his other characters, we often lose touch with Elizabeth, and the novel is left without a center. The personal truths that Elizabeth faces at the end of the book do not appear terribly significant or real to us because neither Elizabeth nor her predicament was sufficiently explored earlier.

Although *Elizabeth Alone* is not wholly a success, it is frequently so perceptive, intelligent and humane that we wish we could overlook its flaws. Trevor has yet to completely master the novel form, but it is still a pleasure to be in his company as he makes the effort to do so.

Ronald De Feo

If Beale Street Could Talk by James Baldwin

(Dial Press; $6.95)

This is Baldwin's fifth novel, and his first in six years. It's also a major work of black American fiction. It's the story of Tish, a 19-year-old Harlem girl, and her lover, Fonny, a young black sculptor. Tish's real name is Clementine, but no one ever dreams of calling her by it. Fonny's name is Alonzo, but, says Tish, "I only call him Alonzo when I have to break down some real heavy shit to him." As the novel opens, she tells him that she is pregnant with his baby. What makes the news hard to bear is that Fonny, falsely accused of raping a Puerto Rican woman, is in jail. Immediately, two questions arise. Can Tish and her family get Fonny out of jail? And can they do it before his child is born? "The baby wants out. Fonny wants out," as Tish puts it. Two kinds of liberation, two kinds of peril, confront her, and it takes Tish the whole book to get the answers to those two questions.

The theme, the hope tied up in that baby to come, is an unlikely one for Baldwin. And so is the treatment: affirmative, mordantly comic, and direct. In moving closer to all of us he's lightened his own load, and written his best novel yet. Aside from the bluesman's jest of the title (never referred to in the text), there's nothing oblique about Baldwin's procedure. The novel is a first person suspense narrative with a New York street love story into the bargain, and a shrewd, cool performance right down the line. Even Baldwin's most devoted readers are due to be stunned by it, because while the Harlem terrain isn't new to him, the fresh, tough, down-to-earth way Tish deals with it is. She isn't, and doesn't want to become, one of the walking wounded. She's saving her blood for that baby.

Tish wastes no time in doing what has to be done to get Fonny out—holding sessions with Fonny's young, earnest white lawyer, paying daily visits to Fonny himself, lest his spirits flag in the Man's jail, and continually pressing the effort to disprove the false charges against him, propped up, as they are, by a vengeful racist policeman. Tish's father, mother and older sister unite behind her with the determination of lions to extract Fonny from the Tombs in time. It's life against death.

Fonny's own family, however, is another matter. His mother, one of the sternest of the faithful in the Holiness Church, is aghast at her son's impending parenthood. His two fair-skinned sisters are shocked that their brother has taken up with a girl nearly as dark, and certainly as poor, as himself. Mother and daughters curse the child to come, and abruptly disown Fonny. Fonny's father denounces these three, and decides to stick by his son. Curiously, aside from this scene, some moments with Fonny, and a prison sequence with a friend of Fonny's named Daniel, the men in the book don't register deeply.

The women carry the book. All of them are extraordinary—fleshed-out and apt to be prickly and stubborn with pride in order to hide their deeper feelings. Sharon, Tish's mother, has to go on being her mother even while paying close attention to the woman Tish is becoming. The only person who has guessed Tish is pregnant before being told, Sharon is frightened at the baby's prospects, but even more afraid to let her fear show. To make certain it doesn't, as part of the family effort to free Fonny, Sharon agrees to take on the task of flying to Puerto Rico to locate the rape victim, who has fled to New York leaving a sketchy, messy accusation of Fonny behind her. Ernestine, Tish's sister, is tough, loyal and unhesitatingly at Tish's side—a bitter pessimist about life even as she lunges to the center of battle in Tish's behalf. She also wields a

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tart, excoriating wit, and in her set-to with Fonny's holier-than-thou relatives she singes their hypocrisy like a hot poker in the eyes.

But finally it is Tish herself who holds us. As she narrates the book, riding back and forth on the bus, she remembers the past as a way of holding herself together and gathering her strength to face the trouble she's in now. Tish was born in trouble—in Harlem—and she knows it, and knows that her baby will be born in trouble, too. In what is arguably Baldwin's most painful novel, she spites pain and bewilderment, and goes on loving not only Fonny but also the tribute to his struggle for his manhood that she is carrying inside her. She's always had one eye on the street, so the streets don't confuse her. And we can see she's lucky, because the streets haven't robbed her of a winning, touching young girl's charm. She wonders, as she can't help but do, if she's a woman or a child. Actually of course, she's neither, which gives her her unique vantage point. Tish is 19, Baldwin is nearly 50. But they share a passion for maturity, a passion for facts.

The narrative is a remarkable blend of lyricism and speed, and beneath the whisper and hurry of the story you can feel Baldwin and Tish in a kind of subtextual dialogue. Tish engages, even astonishes Baldwin as no other character he has ever written about. It's the hoariest of critical clichés to say so, but he's exactly the right distance from her. I've never encountered anyone quite like Tish in American fiction. But America's streets are full of her. We all know Tish. She works for some of us, rides the bus beside others of us, is sister to still others. But, as she says of the depth of her rage: "People don't know." And who can say she's wrong? At the very least, Baldwin makes it clear how little Tish has to count on, how incalculably dangerous her life would become—all but unlivable, really—if she didn't have Fonny to love. And love is hard. It brings Tish agonizingly close to despair. It keeps her from falling into it.

Tish is uniquely 19, black, scared and born up by a tremendous natural dignity—and all of this is what keeps her going. She's at a time in her life that will never come again, and part of the sweet ache the book makes us feel is that we can see this more clearly than she can.

Ivan Webster

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Paradiso
by José Lezama Lima

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $12.95)

José Lezama Lima, Cuba's major poet, wrote *Paradiso* to render "as closely as possible the daily life of a Cuban man and his family," a statement that has no connection with the novel I have just struggled through, although *Paradiso* does follow a character named José Cemí from childhood through school days. Part one is Cemí at home with his devoted mother and grandmother (his father, a military genius, dies early); part two is Cemí at the university with his intellectual friends, the beautiful Fronesis and the homosexual Foción.

Paradiso can pass as no one's daily life. Lezama, a name some Americans know from a quotation Cortázar uses in *Hopscotch*, is a disciple of the baroque poet Góngora and a remarkably wide reader (he is a leading critic in Cuba) who has assimilated the total recall of several lifetimes worth of serious reading. In *Paradiso* he seems to have two main purposes: to dumbfound us with his erudition and to extend Góngora's euphemisms into a baroque novel. He succeeds in both, but the novel is impossible.

Crammed with learned allusions, it is as though Lezama had wanted to fit years of scholarship into one book; everything is turned into rhetoric. I am told that in Cuba, where the novel was widely read, many people took it for a joke on Castro's rhetoric. But how far can a joke go? When Cemí's friend Fronesis, who has just complained that his professors are stuffy, delivers an extemporaneous lecture on Cervantes, theorizing that Quixote is really a Sinbad without the magical bird roc, and Cemí's rejoinder winds up with a reference to Góngora and the Inca Garcilaso, the novel becomes tedious. There's a 26-page scene in which Cemí and his friends debate the origins and development of homosexuality. Those evoked include Socrates, Gide, the Taoists, Julius Caesar, Cellini, Augustine, Aquinas, Casanova, and, of course, Góngora.

Lezama has elaborated on what was already excessive in Góngora's poems by structuring an entire long novel as a series of metaphors that cancel themselves out on the page. A pool resembles "a squirrel that had looked from left to right for so long that a wall had formed, obelisk to his *logos oculos*, the squirrel subsequently disappearing as inessential." We're left with no pool and no squirrel; and what happens in the pool —a child almost drowns—comes out in further metaphors, so that we're left with no characters and no events.

Everyone in *Paradiso* speaks the same circular language. It's difficult to separate the characters from the third-person narrator and from each other. The conversations are laughably ornate. Cemí, instead of saying that his friend has gone home for the holidays, says, "He went off to savor Christmas vacation humanistically, to observe the satiating act of Aristotle on Epiphany." When the characters put each other down for speaking pretentiously, we're baffled. Lezama's conception of a world peopled by babbling puppets with the puppeteer the biggest babbler gives us almost nothing to relate to.

I liked Farraluque, a 13-year-old superstud who doesn't care where he puts his enormous organ. We don't learn much about Farraluque, who is only a transition character connecting the two sections; he doesn't say much (a blessing), but he clearly gives Lezama pleasure, which for once we are allowed to share. *Paradiso* has a few other accessible passages. When Cemí's father dies and the family's shock changes to mourning, the language loosens enough for us to *feel* and mourn with them. This scene is a little story told with a minimum of fuss; its power suggests that Lezama may be highly gifted in ways he doesn't respect. But quickly he returns to embellishments and retrieves his distance. When Cemí's Uncle Alberto is killed in a car crash, we see the intention of an extravagantly lyrical drunkenness culminating in brutal death. The weight of the words keeps the intention from realization.

The English version is the work of Gregory Rabassa, justifiably praised for his brilliant translations of *Hopscotch* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, both of them completely unlike *Paradiso*. The effort of translating Lezama's esoteric involutions must have been staggering; Rabassa deserves a medal.

Aside from the general sterility of the novel, a sentence on the jacket bothers me: "As *Paradiso* contains no political implications, no mention of the revolution, and frank discussion of homosexuality (a taboo topic in Cuba), Lezama has not been favored by the regime since the time of its publication." Something in it rings false; the kind of attention Lezama pays to homosexuality is prurient. He describes beautiful,

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hugely endowed athletes "lancing" each other, and there's even some excitement in the prose. But the excitement feels unclean. The lust is made to be grotesque, and the sexiest athlete has no front teeth. The whole novel seems to be saying that sex and intellect shouldn't meet. Foción is the only articulate character who is outspoken about his sexuality, of whatever variety. Lezama uses Foción's desires as emblems of his mental illness, and his unsatisfied passion for Fronesis drives him into mental breakdown. Cemí, the hero-surrogate, has no room for a sex drive in his world of books, esthetic contemplation and intellectual arguments. He's fascinated by Foción but rather relieved when Foción is put away.

Fronesis is heterosexual; his lovely blonde sweetheart is the "falcon," he the "trapped dove." When they have sex for the first (and, as far as we know, only) time, Fronesis finds her genitals so dangerous he must cover them with his undershirt. The only women in *Paradiso* who are not seen as whores or imbeciles are Cemí's mother and grandmother, for whom sex is solely a means to produce an aristocratic lineage. Before the novel is long underway, they have been idealized into icons; and they are kept on their pedestals. The awe in which Lezama holds the old aristocracy must displease the Cuban regime. But even though a sexual taboo has been broken, it's ironic that those in power are upset: *Paradiso* upholds the puritan tradition.

John Alfred Avant

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The New Land

Blood of My Blood by Richard Gambino

(Doubleday; $7.95)

This book is a labor of love: Richard Gambino exploring the Italian roots of his grandparents and father. It is as well an academician's status report on Italian-Americans a half century after the last great wave of immigrants swept through Ellis Island. Precariously balanced between personal reflections and sociological statistics, the book grasps "the dilemma of the Italian-Americans" (the book's subtitle); to Gambino's credit he wades through pools of nostalgia and demography without falling into either.

Gambino estimates that at least 85 percent of the Italians who emigrated to the United States came from the *Mezzogiorno,* the six provinces south and east of Rome. *Mezzogiorno* literally translated means "midday," but he offers a more appropriate translation: "the land that time forgot." Throughout history Southern Italians have been among the most exploited people of Europe. The unification of Italy in 1870 changed little. In place of the oppressive Bourbons exploiting the grain and grapes of the South there were now Northern Italians. The church attended to the welfare of souls on Sunday and the interests of large landholders the rest of the week. The usual sharecropping arrangement required the tiller to give 50 to 60 percent of the *expected* yield to the estate. When harvests were poor, the *contadini* became more heavily indebted to the landowner, a situation similar to that of Appalachian miners who owed the company store more than they could ever hope to repay. Confronted by a governmental, ecclesiastical and economic system that exploited them, the *contadini* turned for succor and strength to *la famiglia.*

Keeping the family strong was necessary to survival in the *Mezzogiorno,* and institutions perceived to be in opposition to *l'ordine della famiglia* were certain to encounter hostility. In 1877, when the Coppino law made school compulsory for six-to-nine-year-olds, the South resisted because it was seen as an attempt by Rome to put loyalty to "Italy" above *la famiglia.* As a result illiteracy was widespread in the South, and the gap between the rulers and the ruled made self-government impossible.

The specter of famine at the turn of the century drove millions of *contadini* to emigrate to North and South America. Unlike earlier immigrants who came to these shores in search of religious or political freedom, Italians came for work, food and money to send to family members who remained behind. Because the cost of a one-way ticket in steerage nearly equaled a Southern laborer's yearly wages, just getting on the boat usually required one to become indentured to a *padron.* Conditions below-decks on the transatlantic voyage amid rats, vomit and excrement resulted in so many deaths that New York at one point was fining ships' captains $10 per corpse. The law was easily circumvented, however, by throwing the bodies overboard and altering the passenger manifests. Those who made it to Ellis Island were then interrogated by immigration officers trying to find—and deport—those who had come as contract laborers. Most had, of course, because there was no other way to earn the passage. So this first encounter with government officials confirmed the "us against them" mentality developed over centuries in the *Mezzogiorno.*

Although wages in the new land were higher, the pattern of exploitation was familiar. In 1895 when the Croton Reservoir was being built in New York City, the following daily wage rates were advertised:

Common labor, white $1.30 to 1.50
Common labor, colored $1.25 to 1.40
Common labor, Italian $1.15 to 1.25

Many Italian-Americans have since found success in this country, but their progress as a group is another matter. Although their median family income is slightly higher than the US average, this is primarily the result of hard work and long hours in frequently deadend jobs. In comparison with other European nationalities, Italian-Americans are at or near the statistical bottom by most measures of educational or professional attainment. This situation must not have been well known when New York City established "open admissions" at its colleges and universities several years ago. Initially criticized by ethnic New Yorkers who thought it would only benefit blacks and Puerto Ricans, their criticism abated once it became apparent that thousands of Italian-, Irish- and Polish-American stu-

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dents who would otherwise not have gone to college were being admitted to New York schools under the new policy.

Their experience in the *Mezzogiorno* and in the ghettos of New York, Philadelphia and Boston convinced many Italian-Americans that their distrust of all institutions but the family was justified. The Catholic Church in America was controlled by Irish-Americans; indeed to this day there has not been one Italian-American cardinal. The railroading of Sacco and Vanzetti and their subsequent execution convinced many that "equal justice under law" did not apply if one's last name ended in a vowel. When campus radicals in recent years did their best to exacerbate relations between blacks and ethnics, an attentive audience for the alliterative Agnew developed. All it took for Richard Nixon to win the Italian-American vote in 1972 was a "a glass of Dago red" (*TNR*, November 25, 1972) and a $20 bill in the hand of a nun at the Festival Italiano in Mitchellville, Maryland. (He reported it as a deduction on his income tax return, of course.)

The ethnic movement began a few years ago with a lot of media coverage, but its accomplishments so far have been modest and mostly at the community level. There is now an uneasy truce between blacks and ethnics in most urban neighborhoods, but with proper nourishment it could grow and become a positive community force for the benefit of both. The primary threats to such a coalition are politicians going for an election-year cheap shot (*e.g.*, stirring up irrational fears about "busing") and political activists who would set one group against the other.

Blood of My Blood is a valuable and necessary volume. It furthered my understanding of the origins of certain attitudes and values widely shared among Italian-Americans, myself included. Those who are not of Italian heritage will learn much about the people Gambino calls "twenty million much-misunderstood Americans." To date the only individuals interested in building black-ethnic coalitions have been a few neo-populist politicians and community organizers. Unfortunately there are too many others with a vested interest in keeping blacks and ethnics from finding common ground. The urban conditions that created black-ethnic confrontations in the past are not irreversible, but no lasting alliance will be possible without an understanding of one another's similarities as well as a respect for each other's differences. Ignorant people resort to stereotypes such as the lazy welfare black and the Italian hardhat or (worse) *mafioso*. Gambino has cracked through these stereotypes in his study of this poorly understood tenth of the nation. For that reason alone it is well worth reading.

Peter J. Ognibene

Wise Economics

Small Is Beautiful: Economics As If People Mattered by E. F. Schumacher

(Harper & Row; $8, $3.75 paper)

I had never heard of E. F. Schumacher before reading this book. After reading it I am ready to nominate him for the Nobel prize in economics, or at least for the Peter Kropotkin memorial fountain pen.

The introduction by Theodore Roszak identifies Schumacher as a former Rhodes scholar, an economic adviser to the British Control Commission in postwar Germany, a director of the Scott Bader Company (about which more later), and, for 20 years prior to 1971, the top economist and head of planning for Britain's nationalized coal industry—a most reputable *vita* indeed. But that is not the end of it. Schumacher is also, according to Roszak, a member of "that subterranean tradition of organic and decentralized economics . . . we might call anarchism, if we mean by that much abused word a libertarian political economy that distinguishes itself from orthodox socialism and capitalism by insisting that the *scale* of organization must be treated as an independent and primary problem." And Roszak goes on: "It would be no exaggeration to call him [Schumacher] the Keynes of post-industrial society."

Roszak's build-up both intrigued me and put me off. I tend to be leery both of anarchists and of anyone placed on a pedestal as high as Keynes'. I needn't have worried. Schumacher turns out to be an eminently practical, sensible and eloquent chap, as versant in the subtleties of large-scale business management

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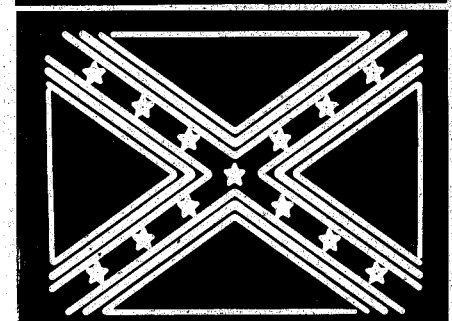

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as, say, Peter Drucker, yet equally in touch with the down-to-earth realities of a simple Indian village. His book is a most unusual economic treatise, enormously broad in scope, pithily weaving together threads from Galbraith and Gandhi, capitalism and Buddhism, science and psychology. The reader is left wishing that somehow an economist of Schumacher's vision could be scooped from his subterranean hideaway and ushered into the White House disguised as Arthur Burns.

Schumacher's point is that the foremost concern of economics should be people, not goods. People do need goods, of course, but they need much more to utilize and develop their facilities through meaningful work. If this sounds like a simple—indeed almost simplistic—premise, its implications are nonetheless far-reaching. An economy that makes work meaningless, stultifying and nerve-wracking is not doing people very much good, even if it raises their level of consumption. The same is true for an economy that constantly replaces workers with machines.

> *The Gross National Product may rise rapidly, as measured by statisticians but not as experienced by actual people, who find themselves oppressed by increasing frustration, alienation, insecurity, and so forth. After a while, even the Gross National Product refuses to rise any further, not because of scientific or technological failure, but because of a creeping paralysis of non-cooperation, as expressed in various types of escapism on the part, not only of the oppressed and exploited, but even of highly privileged groups.*

Another of Schumacher's primary themes is that Western economics some time ago abandoned wisdom, by which he means a sense of man's place in the universe. Most economists proudly accept the notion that the problem of production has been solved. But has it? We are, at an ever-accelerating rate, squandering at least three kinds of irreplaceable assets—treating them, in economic terms, as income when they should be considered as capital: fuels, the tolerance margins of nature, and the psychological stability of man. Thus if the rich nations continue stripping the world of its nonrenewable energy resources at approximately their present rate, and if the poor nations only slightly increase their current rate of consumption, we will be 1) out of fossil fuels in a relatively short time, and 2) awash in pollution the likes of which have never been seen. In addition the scramble for diminishing resources will become a major source of international conflict, if it hasn't already.

How does wisdom, or the lack of it, figure into this?

> *From an economic point of view the central concept of wisdom is permanence. Nothing makes economic sense unless its continuance for a long time can be projected without running into absurdities.*

Yet what is economics currently counseling?

> *Far from being interested in studying the possibilities of alternative methods of production and patterns of living—so as to get off the collision course on which we are moving with ever-increasing speed—we happily talk of unlimited progress along the beaten track, of "education for leisure" in the rich countries, and of "the transfer of technology" to the poor countries.*

In much the same vein Schumacher contends that economics has become a science of measurement, but has forgotten what really ought to be measured. Economic decisions, both macro and micro, are made by quantifying goods at some ephemeral market value, with little or no consideration given to qualitative differences. A dollar's worth of hotel accommodations is presumed to be economically equal to a dollar's worth of petroleum, even though the latter is a nonrenewable primary resource, the depletion of which has vast consequences. Some "goods" that never appear on the market are left entirely out of economic calculations—clean air, for example, or a person's satisfaction with his work. And the calculations on which economic decisions are based are always short-range and narrow: each decision-maker asks what will be momentarily profitable for him, not what will be beneficial for a larger community over the long run.

There are two philosophic premises behind all this. One is that only an ever-increasing production of goods will lead to human tranquility. The other is that such ever-increasing production can only be achieved through glorification of the cardinal sins. Thus Keynes was moved to write in 1930:

> *For at least another hundred years we must pretend to ourselves and to everyone that fair is foul and foul is fair; for foul is useful and fair is not. Avarice and usury and precaution must be our gods for a little longer still. For only they can lead us out of the tunnel of economic necessity into daylight.*

To Schumacher this is dangerous nonsense, possibly valid in the 1930s but certainly no longer so. Avarice will not lead to daylight; only restraint can. Fair is useful and foul is not. Greed builds up a never-ending spiral of wants that must inevitably exceed the earth's ability to provide. What we need are not bold Nixonian promises of energy self-sufficiency by 1980 but a return to wisdom, a reorientation toward an economics of permanence.

What would such a reorientation consist of? A deemphasis on quantitative growth, but for Schumacher that is only one of several ingredients. The basic ground rule of a "wise" economics would be that work, technology and ownership patterns should be on a human scale. Jobs would be designed so that people could productively, creatively use their hands and brains. ("Even children would be allowed to make themselves useful, even old people.") Science and technology would stress the development of first-class tools rather than labor-displacing machinery.

Economic enterprises would be scaled and structured in such a way as to reconcile the convenience, humanity and manageability of small production units with the need for planning and coordination. Ownership would be tailored to the nature of the enterprise. For small-scale enterprises individual or family ownership would be appropriate. For medium-size enterprises cooperative ownership by workers makes sense. For large-scale enterprises some form of social ownership would be proper. The guiding principle would be

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that proprietary rights should accompany actual involvement in an enterprise wherever possible, and where this is impractical they should inhere in a broad community whose prime interest is not the reaping of unearned gains.

The reader is probably thinking: all this sounds splendid, but it's a starry-eyed dream, a vision of some armchair anarchist who has never met a payroll. Perhaps. But Schumacher is persuasive precisely because his theories are grounded in long experience. At the British Coal Board the problem was to convert an enormous government-owned monopoly into a confederation of human-scale units. Self-contained "quasi-firms" were set up for 17 separate mining regions. Additional "quasi-firms" were established for transport, brickworks and other diverse activities. "The monolith was transformed into a well-coordinated assembly of lively, semi-autonomous units, each with its own drive and sense of achievement," Schumacher writes. If all is not bliss at the Coal Board—the recent miners' strike would indicate that it is not—the fault, Schumacher would presumably argue, lies with national leaders and their policies rather than with the decentralized structure of the enterprise.

The Scott Bader Company began in 1920 as a family-owned plastics business; by 1950 it was a prosperous medium-size firm employing 161 persons. Ernest Bader decided to introduce "revolutionary changes" in ownership and organization. He set up the Scott Bader Commonwealth, in which he vested ownership of the company. Over the next few years the members of the Commonwealth, which is to say the workers of the company, drew up a constitution setting forth several basic rules. The directors of the company would be appointed by and fully accountable to the Commonwealth. The company would be limited to approximately 350 persons; if there was a demand for growth beyond that point, it would be met by setting up new firms organized along Bader lines. Since members of the Commonwealth would be partners, not hired hands, they could not be dismissed by their co-partners for any reason other than gross personal misconduct. The highest paid worker within the company would receive no more than seven times the pay of the lowest. Of the profits taken out by the Commonwealth, half would go for bonuses to workers within the company and the other half for charitable purposes outside the company. Finally none of the products of the company would be sold to customers known to use them for war-related purposes.

When Bader and his colleagues introduced these changes it was freely predicted that the firm would soon collapse. In fact says Schumacher the company "went from strength to strength, although difficulties, even crises and setbacks, were by no means absent. In the highly competitive setting within which the firm is operating, it has, between 1951 and 1971, "increased its sales and profits enormously; large bonuses have been distributed to the staff," and an equal amount has been donated by the Commonwealth to charitable purposes outside; and several small new firms have been set up."

If his is anarchism it seems functional enough. The trick, as with any vision of a better society, is getting from here to there. Schumacher's blueprint for medium-size firms is Baderization; this presupposes, of course, the existence or creation of entrepreneurs as enlightened as Mr. Bader. For large-scale industries Schumacher proposes that the public convert its present right, embodied in the tax laws, to 48 percent of corporate profits, to half ownership without a corporate income tax. He warns, however, in some strong criticism of doctrinnaire British socialists, that public ownership, or public half-ownership, is not an end in itself but merely a means to the end of a humanized economy. In addition Schumacher urges a much higher degree of indicative planning, so that economic decisions are not made entirely on the basis of what is best for each individual enterprise, but incorporate elements of a broader wisdom.

It would be easy to nitpick at many of the details and ramifications of Schumacher's *tour d'horizon*. I choose instead to nominate him for a prize of some stature. And why not? The most recent economists to win the Nobel prize have been measurers, tinkerers, growth addicts. It's time to turn the spotlight around, to start digging out some subterranean wisdom before we are all buried under a billowing cloud of madness and sludge.

Peter Barnes

COMING

Joshua Rubenstein
reviews
The Gulag Archipelago

Serialized Life

The Diary of Anaïs Nin, V

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

Living in the obscurity of the avant-garde through most of her life, and now in her 70s, Anaïs Nin has become a cult figure. Born in Paris, the daughter of a Spanish composer and a French-Danish singer, she began to keep a diary at age 11 while moving to America with her mother. The work totaled 150 notebooks or some 15,000 pages of typewritten transcript when the first edited volume appeared in 1965. Volume V, spanning the years 1947-1955, includes material from numbers 75-88. Nin has also written a number of psychological novels, but the diaries are her major work.

Perhaps the most interesting fact about Nin is the recent audience she has found. While the diaries reveal the artist's life in Paris, Greenwich Village and Los Angeles, and thus augment a piece of literary history, their appeal has been to women who read not for literary gossip, but rather in search of themselves. Nin is the champion of the feminine inner life—her material, the unconscious mind, the dreamworld and her own evolving identity. The diaries have been presented as bridesmaids' gifts, sell well in college book shops and suburban shopping centers. But for me, Nin's popularity signifies the perpetuation of a female preoccupation with self at the expense of authentic action in the outside world. Discussions of the diaries invariably divide along class lines, with women less privileged or more openly political than Nin finding her demons either inconsequential or boring.

Those who know her since the publication of Diary I (1931-1934) will recognize that this fifth volume continues the serialized life reassuringly. In middle age she takes up the old themes: neurosis and further self-discovery with a new female analyst; rejection of political (Marxist) solutions to social problems; and a righteous anger against the American tastemakers and literati who reject her work. If you've read four volumes, you'll certainly read the fifth. If you haven't, each of these themes is more freshly treated in the earlier diaries. Even those put off by the narcissism of the first volumes will find the vignettes of Henry Miller, the analytic techniques

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of Otto Rank, the Greenwich Village set who live by writing pornography fascinating.

Nin was in the process of mythmaking. In Diary II she spells out fully her notion of the woman artist as the destroyer of "aloneness," whose art is "born in the womb-cells of the mind." She works close to "the life flow," making articulate the subjective and the unconscious. The woman artist is seen as the crucial link between earth elements—both good and demonic—and what Nin calls man's fatal detachment. Diary V, pervaded by nostalgia and a sense of isolation, adds nothing new. The volume reads as through a haze, as if the writer were looking out from inside a glass bell jar. She has been cut off from her old companions of the avant-garde like Miller and Artaud. She flirts with a bland revival of surrealism. She has few defenders when attacked by the critic Maxwell Geismar for her insistence in the face of the Cold War and McCarthyism that Freud and the Jungians alone know the source of wars and concentration camps. Her writing, Geismar says, lacks materiality.

The haziness or dreamlike quality is a puzzle, since paradoxically autobiographies, and especially diaries, promise facts, if only the private facts of self. We cannot guess whether the absence of materiality is circumstantial. Perhaps intimates of the '50s have requested that they be eliminated from this Diary, just as Nin's husband has asked to be eliminated from them all. Perhaps she *is* lonely, as one might deduce from her lyrical effusions about being for once in rhythm with nature and the natives on a visit to Acapulco. Perhaps the absence of irony, humor or individualizing detail in her language finally dulls the reader's senses—a friend Annette incarnates "liveliness," "joyousness," Charlie Chaplin is "an enchanting storyteller," Richard Wright "handsome, simple, quiet." Events of human intensity, like her love for Henry Miller's wife June in Diary I, are absent.

Our sense of Nin as a corporeal being is so limited that one is shocked to realize that she helps fight a forest fire in the Sierra Madre, paddles through crocodile-infested swamps in Mexico, and once, to overcome fatigue of a too-late party, stands on her head for five minutes. Diary V is not memorable; I stand with those within the volume who recognize Nin's "quality of being not quite there."

Nancy Hoffman

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

A few years ago I read with mounting terror Rachel MacKenzie's *Risk*, an account of her catheterization in a cardiac unit. Her new novel, **The Wine of Astonishment** (Viking; $5.95), could not be more different. It is a quiet, gentle novel, short and spare and touching, about two sisters of a certain age whose mother has dominated and restricted their lives. She dies suddenly one day, "toppled forward into the half-rotted leaves she's raked," and they are left to their two wispy alliances. One is with an earnest young minister, the other with an unhappily married man. They are "two gentlewomen fallen on evil days," as the novel concludes, but in the course of their lives we come upon all the pleasures and despairs of life among the upper middle class in the town of Pliny Falls, New York (Corinth? Ithaca? there are multiple possibilities for the real place) in the 1920s. The one thing to my mind that keeps the book from being what William McPherson of *The Washington Post* dubbed "flawless" is the dialogue that often approaches flat cliché. While I understand it is intended to recreate accurately the tone of small-town, early-20th-century speech, after so much of it I tired of the talk. I wish Rachel MacKenzie had used her own voice, which is sensitive and literate, to re-echo or paraphrase these dull stretches. Otherwise the book is very well done, the place and time evoked successfully.

Any lover of Lewis Carroll and 19th-century philosophy will relish Peter Heath's annotated volume of both *Alice* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, **The Philosopher's Alice** (St. Martin's Press; $10). Lest you think this is another simplistic view of Alice as children's literature, be quickly disabused. Heath says that Charles Dodgson was not a distinguished mathematician, as myth tells us, and not essentially a nonsense writer, but instead a serious writer of logico-philosophic misadventures, the biographer of Alice who was, according to Heath, "a mind driven almost to the verge of unhingement by its encounter with the dark forces and mysterious taboos of language and thought." An example will give you an idea of what the annotations do for the text: the line, "Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!" is annotated as:

> *In Gardner's opinion, the most frequently quoted passage in either book. Of especial value to all, such as politicians and businessmen, in whom professions of energy are unaccompanied by any tendency to progress (Eddington 14, p. 219, in allusion to the problems of circumnavigating an expanding universe).*

The Gardner referred to here is Martin Gardner whose excellent *Annotated Alice* (Clarkson N. Potter; Penguin Books) has, acknowledgedly, furnished a model for the format of this book. Taken together, they raise *Alice* and *Looking-Glass* to the level of high seriousness without losing the essential delights of the original.

The Gypsy's Curse (Knopf; $5.95) introduced me to the work of Harry Crews. I went back to read *The Hawk is Dying* and decided my impression from *The Gypsy's Curse* was accurate: his is an original talent. In this new novel he uses a freak as hero. Marvin Molar is born without legs or more accurately with legs so vestigial that he must walk on his arms that are enormous and utile; he is deaf and dumb as well. His freakishness is a demonstrable skill and so he is trained to display his ability to balance on one finger by his foster father and gymnasium owner, Al Molarski. It is hard to suggest at secondhand the power that Crews achieves by the unlikely device of using the mind and eyes of a mute freak as his narrator; I am in awe of his achievement here. Under his outlandish appearance and his difficulties with communication, Marvin is a sensitive, imaginative, *creative* human being: "They didn't think I was an artist. They didn't even think I was bright." He has an extraordinary eye and, yes, inner ear. His story, which involves the entry into the gymnasium-Eden—the classic American male paradise—of Hester (Eve), a beautiful, "normal" woman who puts the gypsy curse upon him, and whom he eventually must eliminate is oddly enough believ-

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able, acceptable in every artistic sense and much more: moving and memorable. The book has wonderful comic pieces in it as well as the authentic (I gather) smell and feel of male-gymnasium life. I was compelled by it to read it in one long sitting, and I cannot think of any reader who will not be so taken, and entertained. And having read it you will find yourself looking for other Crews.

I rarely think of heavy (in weight) books for summer reading, but an exception is on my desk. I find myself looking into it at every spare moment. **Here On The Island,** with text and photographs by Charles Pratt (Harper & Row; $15), is "an account of a way of life" on an island a few miles off the coast of Maine. I know the name of the real island, being a devoted Mainer, but I am sensitive to the author's plea that it not be disclosed. The book does not reveal this beautiful place's identity in order to avoid attracting publicity and too many visitors to "a small, enclosed community which cannot accommodate them." The photographs are of an island that is "holding still," the text is simple and informative, evocative of the special quality, in summer and in the less-well-known winters, that is Maine. Pratt quotes from an essay by Elizabeth Hartwick *(New York Review of Books,* October 7, 1971), of which I am especially fond that characterizes places and persons in the book as well. She writes:

> *There is about the region a curious and fascinating softness that seems to spread like a blanket over the hardness of rock and woods and icy turf. This is a perturbation, this ambiguous softness of the drifting fogs . . . It is in the people too, in the men as well as the women. Not tropical softness, of course, but the odd snowy lassitude of isolation. Whole countries and people are formed by these long, huddling winters.*

From constant reader RB:

Breakfast in the Ruins by Michael Moorcock (Random House; $5.95) is a strange, repellent book. It is total ebony in its representation of man's nature and destiny undeflected by momentary grace. Even the introduction, announcing seriously the author's premature death by cancer, is, according to the publisher, a hoax. But decomposition is Moorcock's willful predilection or obsession. He flicks morbidity with gallows humor.

The novel weaves in and out of time and place. The one thread is a sado-masochistic homosexual relationship between a Nigerian and the anti-hero, Karl Glogauer, formed on a London roof tearoom. For the rest of the work, whether the allusions, characters or historic events occur during the 19th or 20th centuries, they are all totally involved in necrophiliac muck. Bloody situations are described during the 1871 French Commune uprising, the Polish pogroms, the Russian Revolution, the Nazi holocaust, World War II, the Vietnam massacres—just as examples. At the end Karl is a cannibal, around 1990, gazing idly out the window for his next victim.

Breakfast in the Ruins is a Kraft-Ebing study in cruelty and cumulative repulsion. One might better smother in clover than flood in blood. Mr. Moorcock, the author of many novels, must know that the ironic effect of unrelieved horror is unmoved sorrow.

Postscript

You may remember how we wandered
under
Venerable oak on the stretch of the
river
Ever a placid flow, a calm in thunder,

And still not mind to hear how dryads
shiver
Now for the one tree twisted to a sliver
By a storm older than a forest. Weather

Of the world. Whether what all goes
asunder
Teaches our bones before they rise for
ever
Is but a question yet. I'd say we never

Supposed what happened happens.
Any other
Thinking seems too distant—seemed a
bother.
The calm river goes on being river.

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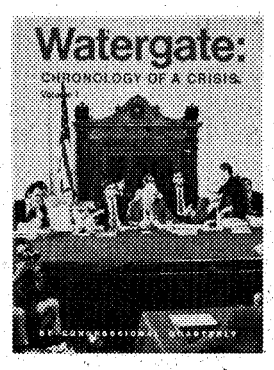

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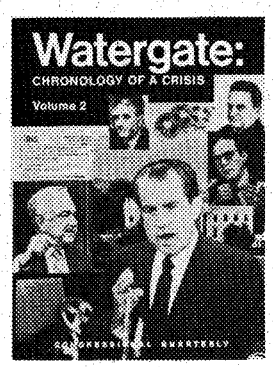

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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

almost iconic simplicity; and these suffocating interiors of bourgeois gentility are varied with the blank walls of police stations or with open sky that make the same characters seem intricate. With something of Kurosawa's method in *Rashomon*, Chabrol tells us by our very first glimpse of a scene not only where we are but what the tensions between people and place are. His longtime cinematographer, Jean Rabier, knows how to use these materials in chaste-to-violent color; and Chabrol makes his camera move like a cat licking cream, no waste movement but lots of movement, every last drop gathered up neatly, gracefully.

His direction of the actors is sardonically pointed. The sex episodes are almost parodic: the lovers—both mature people—virtually leap on each other with goatish cries when they meet. They like to run risks before the murders—making love in a historic chateau just after tourists leave or behind some bushes as they watch boaters float downstream—and their sex, without any copulative detail, is made genuinely sexy. Chabrol understands that unless we believe what they mean to one another in bed, we can't believe that they would murder for it. He makes the sex slightly ludicrous—which, among other things, sex is—as a comment on what some people will sacrifice other people's lives to.

But that script. On the other hand, that filmmaking. Sutherland is singing second-rate Donizetti again. But what a voice.

Obituary for a Beloved Man. Donald Crisp died on May 25, aged 93. Most people think of him first as the father in *How Green Was My Valley*, then remember how often they have seen him. He came to America in 1906—he was born in Scotland, educated at Eton and Oxford, wounded in the Boer War—and in New York he worked first in opera, then in the theater, then at Biograph with Griffith. He went West with Griffith, played U. S. Grant in *The Birth of a Nation*, Battling Burrows in *Broken Blossoms*, and in scores of other pictures until 1963. He directed dozens of silent films, including several with Douglas Fairbanks, and he codirected *The Navigator* with Buster Keaton.

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Edited and Narrated by
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